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No. 200.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Sad the wind is sighing—
Thro' each faint and leafless tree!
Slow the year is dying—
Under Nature's stern decree!
Snow-born phantoms fleet—
Over ice-bound mead and moor,
Shadow-pilons beat—
Hover round his vine-draped bier!
Mournfully are swelling—
On the air, from turret near,
Moans of bells that knelling—
Knelling!—
Requiem the falling year!
O'er his senses stealing—
Death's approach glaze his eyes;
And the Old Year, reeling—
Reeling—
Totters from his throne and dies!

ONE-ARMED ALF,

The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes;

OR,
THE MAID OF MICHIGAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "DEATH-NOTCH," "BOY, SPT.," "OLD SOLDIER," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

POINT MICHIGAN.

At the point where the Muskegon pours its waters into Lake Michigan, was located the little settlement known as Point Michigan, so called from its being situated upon a narrow point of land putting out into the lake. The place contained about a score of cabins, and numbered in all about a hundred souls. The people were of various classes and nationalities, engaged principally in hunting, trapping, and trading with the Indians and French Canadians. There were, however, a few who tilled a few acres of ground in Indian corn, for which they found ready demand at home.

At that time Point Michigan promised to be a place of great commercial interest at no distant day, but in the midst of its prosperity and infancy came the rumors of war with England. This, the settlers knew, would involve the Indians in Canada and the adjacent country around, in the struggle against them; and that all effort to hold out against the foe would be madness bordering on criminality, they all felt.

However, as the first rumor of war found its origin in no reliable quarter, the good settlers of the Point entertained hopes of its only being one of those false alarms that ever and anon thrilled along the border, striking terror to every heart.

It was near the close of the same day on which the events transpired at the cabin of One-Armed Alf, that a little group of men, dressed in rough, bearded men, dressed in garbs in keeping with the border, and made of buck-skin and linsey-woolsey. In spite of this rough exterior, however, there was a free, honest expression of the countenance that told of the true goodness and greatheartedness of the inner man.

They were not armed, yet all evinced no little fear and anxiety in regard to the matter which we will let their own conversation reveal.

"If the reports that have reached us are true," said Jack Eller, a bluff, outspoken, odd war-dog of some sixty years, who had seen active service in the great struggle for American independence, "a messenger from one of the exposed points will soon be jogging this way, with news that'll confirm the story. And I daresay our friend, One-Armed Alf, will not be slow in scenting out the trail of the accused hounds, and give 'em a taste of Brandywine; and I also think that if that war any foundation in the reports, Alf would have swung himself down here afore now."

"Circumstances may prevent, friend Eller," said a young man named Darcy Mayfield.

"Oh, I'll warrant he'll not stop for circumstances. He'll manage some way or other to warn us of impending danger as he has done in the past. I know Alf, boys."

"In case of actual war he might take sides with our enemies, Jack," said a companion.

"Bah, you scamp! If it weren't you, Hugh Stoner, I'd lit you a diff' for One-Armed Alf. No, sir, Stoner; he's as true to us as the Muskegon's water is to its source. A bigger and more loyal heart never pounded mortal man's ribs. But if we are to have a war with the British and the Indians, they'll find that old Jack Eller's blood of seventy-six is just as wild and hot as ever, and the sword I won at Brandywine ready to be buckled on. Or, if it need be, I can shoulder a musket, and rattle my old bones over into Canada to the tune of Yankee doodle, with the blithesome step of twenty years."

"Hark!" suddenly cried young Horace Gaskell; "what was that?"

"What was that?" interrogated Jack Eller.

"That noise; did you not hear it?"

"No, Gaskell; I heard nothing. My hearing is the only faculty that old time has dulled; otherwise I'm as spry as a young rooster of twenty. But what did you hear, Horace?"

"A sound like the blast of a horn."

"I hope you're mistaken, Gaskell, for the sound of a horn at this time would only be a confirmation of the rumors of war, and—ah, hark, lads, hark! there goes it again."

There was no mistaking the sound this time. All heard it distinctly. It was the far-off



"See! see! don't you see the Maid of Michigan at the helm? It is the Specter Skiff!"

twang of a horn, borne faintly to their ears on the soft evening air. At first it appeared to come from the forest to the east of the village, but a repetition of the sound, which was more distinct than before, convinced them that it came from the lake to northward.

With a keen glance the little group swept the placid bosom of the lake, but not an object appeared upon it. There was, however, a headland on the opposite side of the river jutting out into the lake, which concealed a large portion of the eastern shore from view, and if the sound came from the lake at all, it must have come from behind this headland. That this was in fact the case, there was not a single doubt left in the minds of the bordermen when the horn again rung out, nearer and clearer than ever, and with such startling intonations as sent a thrill of terror through their forms.

Without a moment's hesitation old Jack Eller and Horace Gaskell sprang into a small canoe that lay upon the beach before them, and started across the river, to investigate the cause of the alarm, while the rest of the settlers hurried back to their cabins to put the village on its guard in case danger threatened them.

It required but a few minutes for Eller and young Gaskell to cross the river; and having landed and secured their canoe, they hurried around the point until they had gained an eminence from whence they could command an unobstructed view of the eastern shore of the lake as far as the eye could reach; and they had scarcely taken in the grand spectacle that was set before them when an exclamation from Gaskell drew Eller's attention to a strange sight upon the lake.

About a quarter of a league away to the northward, they beheld a tiny sail-boat coming down before the wind at a rapid pace, its speed being rapidly accelerated by a pair of oars that flashed in the setting sun, as they rose and fell like white, silvery wings. There was but a single occupant aboard the boat, and as near as they could judge he was a white man. But what appeared the most singular to our two friends was the presence of another craft of large dimensions, and flying the English colors at its mast-head, in hot pursuit of the little sail-boat. It was more than two miles away, yet our friends could see that it was a British brig carrying several guns and a crew quite adequate for its management.

"Ay! ay! that tells the story, Horace Gaskell," exclaimed Old Jack. "That pizen English flag yonder, upon Michigan's fair bosom, is all the evidence I want of there being war between our nation and the English. And I dare say, yon little craft contains a friend coming to warn us of danger—ah! there goes that horn again—it came from the little fugitive, too. Let us make ourselves visible, Horace Gaskell, and it may give him courage."

So saying the two descended the headland from amid the shrubbery that crowned it, and stood upon the beach in plain view of both the little stranger and the English vessel, and waved their caps.

Their presence appeared to be discovered at

once by the fugitive, for he immediately waved his cap in response to our friends' signal, then blew a shrill blast upon his horn.

The next instant our friends' attention was drawn to the English brig, by seeing a white cloud of smoke puff out from the prow of the vessel, then, as the sullen boom of a gun sent thunderous echoes athwart the vibrant air, a cannon ball came skimming along the surface of the lake and buried itself in the bank at their feet, dashing up a cloud of dust and dirt in their very faces.

"Fire and blazes!" roared old Jack Eller, in a sudden fit of rage and excitement; "that, Horace Gaskell, was intended as a salute for us. The bloody vampires! I'd give years of my life to board that ole scow at this minute with twelve of the boys that fit with me at Brandywine. Oh, Horace Gaskell, how we'd make the rantin' sinners blubber for mercy! But see!—the little schooner is bearin' down to'ds us now. Hurrah there, little boat," he yelled at the top of his lungs, "hurrah, ye little tiger, you'll soon be in port. By St. Peter, Horace, the little rip 's gainin' on that English lubber!"

"Hasn't the Englishman come to a dead stand?" asked young Gaskell.

"Believe it has, by Judas," responded Eller, shading his eyes with his open palm, and glancing steadily at the brig. "Oh, ho! I see into it now, Horace Gaskell; the wind has gone down all of a sudden, leaving the big lubber in the lurch. You can see their clouting sails hang limp as dish-rags. Yahl! hal! ha! The Englisher's become becalmed, or else is afraid to venture nearer to ole Jack Eller, the hero of Brandywine!"

There was some truth in old Jack's words. The English vessel had come to a dead stand. She had not taken in her sails, which was evidence of having been becalmed. The little fugitive's sails, however, had been lowered, but it did not halt. The occupant plied the oars with renewed vigor, heading directly toward the two men on the bank. Five minutes more and the sharp prow of the curiously constructed bark touched the beach at their feet.

The occupant of the craft was a young man of about five and twenty years of age, and in general appearance he was a perfect type of noble manhood. His features were of an intellectual mold, and quite prepossessing. He was habited in the uniform of a captain of the United States Army, and his movements and bearing were those of a perfect soldier. In his belt he carried a brace of pistols, while at his side was suspended a coiled tin horn by means of a cord passing over his left shoulder.

As he arose from his seat in the boat, he saluted old Jack and young Gaskell, who returned the salutation. The young captain then stepped ashore, saying as he did so:

"Have I the honor and pleasure of meeting a couple of Point Michigan settlers?"

"You have that, stranger. This lad is Horace Gaskell and I am old Jack Eller," queried the stranger.

"Are you Major Jack Eller?" queried the stranger.

"I sport that name, or used to, down East,

soldier, having won it by hard knocks at Brandywine. Now what's your handle?"

"I am Philip St. John, captain of the Michigan Rangers, and I have come to Point Michigan to warn you settlers of a great danger that is hourly gathering around your settlement."

"War, then, has been declared between our country and England, sure enough."

"Yes; but how did you hear of it?"

"We've only had floatin' rumors of it, Captain St. John," replied old Jack, familiarly; "but if you'd never come this way, captain, that renegade cruiser yonder 'd 'a' told the hull story."

"Yes; it is one of the proofs, friends," replied the young soldier, "that war between our country and England has been inaugurated. General Hull, with over two thousand men, invaded Canada nearly two weeks ago, but he has been compelled to withdraw his forces to Detroit, upon which the English army under General Brock is slowly but surely advancing. Mackinaw is hourly threatened, and God only knows how soon it may fall. The Indians have taken sides with the British, and the horrifying news of murder and rapine will soon convulse the land. Messengers have been dispatched to every garrison and settlement on the Michigan coast, and it was my especial duty to bring the sad news to Point Michigan, and I hope you will lose no time in benefiting yourselves by it."

"God almighty bless you, Captain Phil; ole Jack Eller is not the man to let danger come upon his people unprepared. The taste that I got of British blood at Brandywine is still strong in my old spirit, and that time has toughened till I'm one of the gamest ole roosters that ever flopped wing or stuck spur. With the weight of sixty years on my ole head, I could chaw a British dog up in the snap of yer eye; but I say, Cap St. John, that English cruiser give you a close rub."

"Yes; and but for the intervention of Providence in laying the wind, I would have been compelled to quit the lake and take to the woods."

"That's a smackin' little boat you've got thar, captain, I swear. Beats any thing I ever seed' flap Michigan waters; does it belong to you, Cap?"

"I can't say that it does, friend Eller," replied young St. John. "When I first took to the lake, it was in an old Indian canoe, and it was not my intention to keep it longer than I had rested from hard journeying on foot. But, in coasting along the eastern shore of the lake, I suddenly espied that boat drifting about tenantless, at the will of the wind. Seeing it was supplied with mast and sail, and supposing that it had been deserted, I resolved to take possession of it, reef sail and conclude my journey by water. I had no sooner taken possession of the little schooner and got her under way than I discovered a British brig bearing hard down upon the wind toward us. A race at once began, for I had determined to stick to the craft until the last, and for three long hours have we been running dead down on the wind."

While the young captain was narrating his adventure, Jack Eller took the opportunity to examine the little craft. It was about fifteen feet in length, sharp at stem and stern, and provided with a mainmast and sail. It was constructed upon an entirely new principle, and was a gem of workmanship, such as old Jack had never before seen. It was provided with a double pair of oars and extra canvas, and, taken altogether, it was a strange-looking craft, having an air of neatness and inviting comfort about it that puzzled Jack not a little as to who its previous owners had been, and why it had been left to go adrift on the broad waters of Michigan.

"By Judas!" he finally exclaimed, as a thought forced itself upon him: "I swear, it looks like the Specter Skiff, captain!"

"The Specter Skiff?" repeated St. John; "what is the Specter Skiff?"

"Jist what its name implies. It's a strange little sail-boat that is seen upon the bosom of Michigan one minute, and the next it ar'n't seen—it is gone. When I fust seed you comin' down the wind, I thought it war the Specter; but when I seed a man into it instead of a woman, then I knowed it weren't the Specter."

"Then a woman mans the Specter Skiff, eh?"

"That's what some say that's been clus to her. They say she's a perfect angel, too, with big black eyes and long golden hair—a beauty and a nymph of the fust water. She's called the Maid of Michigan, and some think that she's the guardian angel of these waters, but it's only the superstitious. Men that fit at Brandywine, like me, can't be gulled in sich a way. But say, Captain Philip, can't you spend the night at Point Michigan?"

"I can not, Mr. Eller, I am sorry to say. I must lose no time in returning to Mackinaw. I see the wind is rising and shifting into the south. It's already in the south-south-east, and will soon be square around. Then I can elude that British cruiser. The sun is already down, and there will be no moon until late to-morrow. I would like to go up the Muskegon and see One-Armed Alf, the Giant Scout, if I only had the time. I am satisfied he has some news that would be worth carrying to the commandant, for I understood that he intended to gain an audience, at the risk of his life, to the great council of all the chiefs of the Peninsula tribes, and learn the result of the conference."

"When was the council to be held?"

"A day or two ago."

"What at?"

"At some point in the forest east of the Ottawa village."

"It's the fust I heard of it. I presume the council war to decide whether or not they all take sides with the English in the war."

"Yes; the English were to have their Indian agent, Ensign Mackelogan, there to—"

He did not finish the sentence. They were all standing with their backs to the lake, when a slight, unnatural sound, like the flap of a wing, caused them to turn suddenly toward the lake.

A cry of surprise burst from every lip.

By the blood spilt at Brandywine, Captain St. John, your craft is gone! Heaven and mystery! and it is the Specter Skiff, man! See! see!—don't you see the Maid of Michigan at the helm? Age of mystery!"

There was no denying old Jack's word. The little boat was gone from its moorings, and, with crowded sails, was seen scudding across the lake in a westerly course. Sure enough, at the helm stood the form of a young girl, whose white face was turned toward our friends, and wreathed in a pleasant smile, while her great, mournful eyes shone with the soft light of childish innocence. Her head was surmounted with a coronet of tiny shells and sparkling jewels, and from beneath this a wealth of golden hair streamed in rippling masses about her white, snowy neck and shoulders. She stood half concealed behind the belling sail, and before our friends could fully comprehend the state of things, the intervening distance blended the little sail-boat and its fair, strange occupant in one tiny white speck, as they sped onward over the broad bosom of Michigan, pursued by the English cruiser!

CHAPTER VI.

A STRANGE MESSAGE.

For a moment our three friends stood watching the receding Specter Skiff and the pursuing Englishman, completely dumbfounded. A deep hush reigned, which was not broken until distance and the gathering shadows of evening had concealed the two boats from view; and then Captain St. John was the first to speak.

"That must be your Specter Skiff, Mr. Eller," he said.

"To be sure it is, captain. There is no other proof needed," replied Eller.

"Then I have been riding in the Specter Skiff, but I would take my oath of it, that there was no other living creature, besides myself aboard the boat when I was. The girl must have been concealed in that shrubbery there, and stole aboard the craft while we stood with our backs to the lake, conversing."

"But if she is a nymph or water-spirit, as the superstitious say she is, she could go and come unseen."

"She is no spirit, Mr. Eller, I assure you; but a real being in the flesh."

"It may be, captain; but anyhow, we've the jade a perfect angel for slap-up beauty and heart-smashin' loveliness!"

"She appeared extremely handsome, Jack, and henceforth I shall have a longing desire to know more about this Maid of Michigan."

"Ay, ay, captain! I see you have had a deep emotion aroused in your breast by that strange girl; and I'll admit, if I weren't an ole, broken-down war-horse, with a hide too thick for Cupid's darts, I'd prove a formidable rival of your'n in courtin' that water-nymph. But then, she's gone, and neither of us may ever see her again; so, what's the use tryin' to bottle sun-shine and spend breath about her? and as yet—"

canoe's gone, you must as well step over to the P'int and spend the night. What say you, cap'n?"

"Impossible, Mr. Eller. I must make my way back to Mackinaw, quick as possible. It is true, the loss of the boat will compel me to make the journey on foot."

"No, a bit of it, cap'n," replied old Jack; "come and go over to the P'int and you shall have the fastest horse in old Jack Eller's stable. Now come."

"I declare, Mr. Eller, I am half inclined to accept your kind offer," replied St. John.

"Then come along without further words."

The young ranger turned and at once set off with Eller and young Gaskell toward the Point.

In a few minutes they crossed the headland and reached the point where the canoe was moored. In another minute they were aboard the craft moving across the river.

"How far is it from here to the cabin of the famous scout and spy, One-Armed Alf?" asked Captain St. John, when the boat was fairly under way.

"Two or three leagues, or nearly on to that," replied old Jack. "Why so?"

"Since I will be compelled to reach Mackinaw by land, I may go past his cabin. His services are needed at Mackinaw."

"Well, it's singular that he hasn't got wind of this war, and if he has, it's more singular that he don't let us know. Must be that sumthin's goin' wrong up that way. That 'tarnal Spirit of the Woods hangs around up that way and it may be he has sent Alf across the Jordan."

"That Spirit of the Woods is quite a farce, Eller—much so as the Specter Skiff."

"I would just as soon lay the whole thing to some of your hunters as any one; or to One-Armed Alf himself."

"Ho! ho! cap'n, you couldn't get that down me with a forty-foot pole. One-Armed Alf was never known to carry as much as a pop-gun, let alone a rifle. Why, he couldn't manage a rifle with one hand, for it takes a skillful man with two hands to shoot like that Spirit. Why, they say Alf never pulled a trigger in all his life. His hound and cane are his only companions when he's out, and the red-skins won't harm a hair of his head, for they think the Great Spirit made him without that arm that he might not lift it against them. Why, he's been known to keep and doctor a sick or wounded Indian a month, and then send him away with his best wishes; and that don't look as though he was an Indian-slayer. Besides, none but Ojibway warriors have ever been found with the bullet-hole of the avenger upon their breasts; the Ojibs appear to be his especial game. However, the Britishers may take a different view of One-Armed Alf's peaceful habits, and send him to Oanana's happy land. No, captain; the Spirit of the Woods is as tangled up an affair as the Maid of Michigan, and, besides, Captain Phil, old Jack Eller's word for it, you'll find, some day, that the Spirit of the Woods and the Maid of Michigan are one!"

"What makes you believe so?"

"The very fact that wherever a victim of the avenger is found, it is not over ten miles from the coast; and now, mark you, St. John, we'll soon hear of an Ojibway Indian being found hereabouts, shot through the heart with a tiny bullet."

"It would probably be a good thing if every Indian on the Peninsula could be found in a like state, then the English would have no one to depend on in the coming struggle."

"Well, if war we must have, old Jack Eller will make his mark, as he did at Brandywine, now mind—but say, Gaskell, just hold up that with yer paddle a little minute."

Horace Gaskell, who was paddling the canoe, at once complied with Eller's request and the boat came to a stand. Both he and the young officer were about to inquire the cause of Eller's sudden request, when they saw his eyes fixed upon a solitary green leaf floating on the surface of the river.

Why such an insignificant object should hold the old borderman's attention so closely, completely puzzled his companions, and before either of them could make any inquiry into the matter, the leaf had floated within arm's length of the canoe and the old man reached out and picked it up. He then examined it closely and carefully and his companions saw his eyes dilate, his lips part and his breath come quick and hard, as though some terrible emotion convulsed his whole frame.

"What now, Mr. Eller? what now?" questioned the young captain.

"What now?" the old frontiersman exclaimed, his face becoming set with a firm, rigid expression; "why, I have a message from One-Armed Alf!"

"A message, did you say?"

"Yes, a message from the Giant Scout, and may God have mercy upon the soldiers of the Peninsula. There it is, captain—written upon an oak leaf. Look upon it—read it for yourself."

As he concluded, the old borderman drew from his pocket a small memorandum-book, which he opened, and then upon one of its white pages he laid the green oak leaf just plucked from the waves of the Muskegon.

Then Captain St. John read the startling message that caused a groan to escape from his lips.

CHAPTER VII. THE MESSAGE.

This strange message which old Jack Eller handed to Captain St. John to read, was indeed written upon an oak leaf, the letters having been cut or pricked with a sharp-pointed instrument, and when laid upon the white page of Eller's memorandum, each letter showed plain and distinct in white with but little irregularities where the point of the instrument had crossed the fibrous veins of the leaf. It read:

"I am surrounded. Haste the news. Mackinaw to fall in two days!"

"This Captain St. John read aloud.

"That's what it says, cap'n," added old Jack. "My God! then all will be lost!" cried St. John; "I can never reach the garrison in time to warn them of their danger, and they'll not be expecting an attack so soon. I hope this message may prove to be a mistake."

"Nay, nay, cap'n," replied Eller. "One-Armed Alf is never mistaken in these matters. Healers makes sure before he speaks. His way of finding out facts is a mystery to me and every one else, but be that as it may, it's sure, every pop. This way of communication leaves carried down by the current, is not new with the scout. He does it whenever he wants to tell us how things are goin', and yet don't want to be seen in these dignified. I dare say, there's a hundred leaves just like this one floatin' on the Muskegon at this minute. You see the object pass without being seen, and by another will. It's an original idea with One-Armed Alf, and a good 'un too, for who, unless he was in the secret, would pay any attention to a few leaves floatin' on the bosom of the river that traverses a hundred miles of forest? Ay, cap'n, a bigger and nobler heart never pounded human ribs than that of that identical, One-Armed Alf."

"But he must be in 'trouble himself, Eller, for he says he's surrounded," said Horace Gaskell. "He must be surrounded by savages."

"It must be so, Horace; and as men, we stand in duty bound to hasten at once to his assistance. If you can carry, Captain St. John, until we can get the scout out of his trouble, I'll raise half a dozen men to escort you to Mackinaw, for it'll not be safe for you to start alone."

"I am much obliged to you for your kind consideration and promise; but, perhaps I am more able to make the journey alone than you are to spare the men from Point Michigan."

"Nay, nay, cap'n; we'll have to pull up and strike out for Chicago or Detroit at once. We can make no defense here against the Indians now. If it weren't for that cursed British cruiser we could take to the lake and reach Mackinaw in a little while. But, pull hard for shore, Gaskell, and let's make every minute count."

Gaskell plied the paddle vigorously, and in a few minutes the opposite shore was reached. Having landed, the three proceeded to the quarters of Jack Eller, where the settlers were all summoned and the state of affairs made known.

For awhile excitement ran high, but when quiet was again restored, preparations were at once made to go to the assistance of One-Armed Alf.

Old Jack Eller, whose age and experience fitted him for the position, stood at the head of the military department of the little village. His judgment, in fact, on all points could be relied upon, despite his bluntness and recklessness of character. At heart he was an honest and straightforward man, and what was lacking in education was made up in instinct and years of experience.

From the settlers he selected four young men who readily assented to accompany him to the cabin of One-Armed Alf, and from thence to Mackinaw with Captain St. John, and, who at once prepared themselves for the journey.

One of the four, whom Eller introduced to St. John as Darcy Mayfield, was a man about the captain's own age, and whose general appearance struck St. John as being decidedly remarkable. He possessed a form, noble and commanding, and features that were strong, open and manly in expression. His eyes of a dark blue, shone with the light of intelligence and honesty, and his mouth and fine-curved lips bore evidence of great firmness and decision of character. The hair was of a dark brown, and strange as it may appear, was thickly sprinkled with threads of silver. His premature grayness St. John knew was not the result of illness nor feeble health, for his physique was strong and robust. But there was a faint softness of his voice, a firm compression of the lips, and a strange, wild vacancy of the eye that told of an aching, troubled heart. Nevertheless, he was a man calculated to win friends at first sight, for there was that about his looks, address and deportment that not only invoked friendship and admiration, but a feeling of silent sympathy.

"It is the fact then, Captain St. John," Mayfield said, after being introduced, "that we are upon the eve of a terrible war?"

"Yes; such is the case, Mr. Mayfield, I regret to say; and there is no possible chance of evading it now."

"Have the armies of England and America met in battle yet?"

"Not that I know of. General Hull, however, began the invasion of Canada several days ago, and it may be that a hard battle has been fought between him and Proctor. Mackinaw, I just learned, is threatened, and should it fall, God only knows what will follow."

"Are there women and children at Mackinaw?" asked Darcy.

"Yes; there are over fifty women and children—officers' and soldiers' families."

"Have you relations there, Mr. Mayfield, but—"

"I understand, captain, what you would say," interrupted Mayfield; "that tell-tale bluish speaks plain as words. I pray Heaven, captain, that your life may not be blighted like mine has been by the ruthless hand of the savage. And as we are likely to be companions for awhile at least, let me tell you that I will show no Indian, especially an Ojibway, mercy, even after he is down. I hate them, curse them, worse than I hate a serpent!" and the man's eyes fairly blazed with the fire of indignation, stirred within him. "Yes," he continued, "I hate them! They have made a perfect devil of me toward them, and I take more delight in slaying them than in any thing else on earth. I make it a point to hunt them down like deer, and even now I am impatient to be off upon their trail. I know it is a fearful passion for one to let remain in his breast; but I dare say, captain, it would be even so with you should you, when you return to Mackinaw, find that she, upon whom you have ever loved, and for whose love and future happiness, had been cruelly murdered or carried away to a fate worse than death by the savages. Yes, I repeat it, captain, it would make a demon of you toward those accursed barbarians!"

Before Captain St. John could make reply Jack Eller made his appearance and announced all in readiness for immediate departure to the assistance of the Giant Scout. The captain had, however, heard enough to satisfy him of one thing: Darcy Mayfield was the terrible avenger—the Spirit of the Woods.

As all were anxious to be off, the little party, including St. John, took their departure up the river. By this time it was dark and in the forest the shadows were black and desolate; still, under the guidance of Darcy Mayfield, the little party moved on quite rapidly. They journeyed in silence, although it was all the guide could do to keep bluff old Jack Eller quiet, his blood having been aroused to a Brandywine heat.

As they neared the lonely cabin of the Giant Scout the gloom seemed to thicken around them, and they stopped to listen for some sound that might aid in directing their course, but all was silent as the grave, save that weird, solemn moan of the wilderness and the gentle murmur of the Muskegon hard by. The deep hush of all animated nature was a foreboding element, full of meaning and significance to the trained borderman.

At length, when all was ready to resume the journey, Darcy Mayfield said:

"Let each one now observe the greatest precaution, for, if our friend Alf is in danger, the first indication of our approach may precipitate affairs."

"Ugh—humph," ejaculated Old Jack, with closed lips.

The party moved on a short distance and again came to a halt by direction of their guide.

"How far are we from the scout's cabin?" asked one of the party, growing impatient.

"Hist!" commanded young Mayfield, and his form seemed to rise up in colossal proportions before those who now bent their eyes upon him through the darkness.

A deep silence reigned.

Then there is heard a sound like the snap of a dry twig close by, followed by the quick soft fluttering of feet and the rush of a body through a clump of adjacent undergrowth.

The figure before our friends had suddenly vanished—they saw that their guide, Darcy Mayfield, was gone!

"Partition take the furries," blurted Old Jack

Eller. "Darcy has gone—shot away from us like a dart. What can he mean by such 'tarnal actions? I tell you, men, that boy acts like he war teetotally decombated sometimes!"

"Like he was what?" asked Paul Engle.

"Why, you numbskull, don't you understand the English language. It means mad—I believe Darcy goes mad whenever he gets into the atmosphere of an Ojibway."

"Yes; and I dare say," added Captain St. John, "that when you find out the real truth of the matter you'll find he is the reputed Spirit of the Woods."

"Oh, Judas!" exclaimed Old Jack; "such a thing is impossible!"

"Is the bore of his rifle large or small?" asked St. John.

"Small, captain, small," said Paul Engle; "there's not a rifle in the settlement that takes as small a bullet as Darcy's."

"Then that is almost positive proof of his being the Spirit," said the captain.

"I can't believe," said Old Jack, "but—harkee!"

The sharp, yet delicate intonations of a rifle came to the ears of the party. It came from the direction in which Mayfield had gone. All listened intently, but the report of the piece was succeeded by a profound silence.

For some time our friends stood wrapt in silence and doubt. They were afraid to move on lest Mayfield would be unable to find them again in the darkness.

Several minutes had been spent in speculating over their situation, when they were suddenly startled by a light, soft thread which could be faintly heard approaching from the river quite rapidly.

With bated breath and eyes distended, our friends peered into the gloom, out of which they suddenly saw a dark figure—a mere density of shadows—float. It appeared to be crawling, or rather floating parallel with the earth's surface, and behind it could be seen the merest speck of dull, blue fire, which in no way could be accounted for, and which filled our friends with emotions of sudden fear and surprise.

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 199.)

Gentleman George:

OR,
PARLOR, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET.

A STRANGE ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN-FROM-TEXAS," "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "WOLF DRUM," "OVERLAND KID," "RED MAZEPPA," "AGE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

NEIL JEMMISON.

A QUARTER to eight, and the large and magnificent theater known as Niblo's Garden was two-thirds full, and the people were still pouring into it.

One of the managers—a dapper, plump, jolly-looking gentleman with a blonde mustache—and Miss Desmond's business agent, Medham, stood near the bouquet-stand, in the front lobby.

They are coming in pretty fast," Medham remarked, with a look at his watch; "it wants a quarter to nine now."

"Yes; we've got 'em," the manager replied, complacently, carefully twisting the ends of his well-waxed mustache. "Friday night is a bad night, too; we'll have a house to-morrow night that will make you open your eyes. This is a little different from playing in the Western barns which they call opera-houses, isn't it?"

"Yes, rather."

"We get a house here it means twelve hundred to two thousand dollars. Hallo, there's the Judge—Bruyn, you know; I introduced you to him the other night."

The Judge, with a party of three gentlemen, attended by a colored servant, was just at that moment passing through the lobby on his way to the private box that he had taken for "Miss Desmond's nights," to use the booking term.

The colored servant carried a large bundle, wrapped up in white paper, carefully in his hands.

"Bouquets," said the manager, with a laugh, referring to the parcel that the colored servant bore; "the Judge is a great theater-goer, but I never saw him so interested before. Medham, my boy"—and the manager patted him softly on the back—"there's nothing like a pretty woman to fetch 'em; talent is all very well, but if talent is ugly, talent won't draw, and we run theaters to make money."

And then the manager paused in his observations to bow to an olive-faced, well-built gentleman, dressed entirely in black, who came just at that moment.

"Hallo, who's that?" exclaimed Medham, attracted at once by the stranger. "He looks like a cross between a Spanish prince and a leading tragedian."

"Do you notice what a remarkable resemblance he bears to the pictures of the Napoleon family?" asked the manager, replying to one question by asking another.

"Yes; that is what suggested the Spanish prince; he looks too dandified to suit my ideas of a Frenchman."

He's a wealthy New Yorker—lives up-town somewhere; I met him first, years ago, in Paris, across the water. He was studying medicine then."

"Oh, a doctor?"

"Yes, but he doesn't practice, I believe; he's enormously wealthy; an uncle died and left him a California gold mine; I heard the story long time ago."

"What's his name?"

"Neil Jemmison."

And leaving the manager and the agent of the "star" to watch the people coming into the theater, and to speculate as to how much money they would take that night, we will follow the dark-faced stranger, who moved amid the butterflies of fashions, the daintily-dressed young gentlemen with roses in their button-holes and carefully-oiled locks parted in the center—like a very king; not one by accident of birth, but one of the brawny-sinewed rulers of the olden time, who clutched their scepter with the strong arm and maintained it by dint of might, backed by a cunning brain.

Down along the right-hand lobby Neil Jemmison sauntered, until he came to the third door from the stage. Being open, it commanded both a view of the stage and the vast auditorium, now a sea of heads.

The orchestra had just commenced their overture, and the curtain had not yet risen. Jemmison leaned against the side of the door and listlessly surveyed the "house." We use the term in its theatrical sense, meaning, not the building, but the people in it.

And as Jemmison—the inheritor of the California gold mine, as the chatty manager characterized it—leaned against the side of the door, cold and calm as an iceberg, two short-haired, bullet-headed young men in the lower circle opposite, dressed rather flashily and evidently in the theater strictly on business—in the pickpocket line—and not for amusement, caught sight of the tall, lithe figure framed in the open doorway.

"Oh, Bob!" cried one to the other, nudging him with the elbow, "if there ain't the 'Doctor' an' dressed like a sport!"

The other took a good look and became satisfied that the dark-faced gentleman in the doorway was indeed the man who, in the slums of the East Side, had been known as "The Doctor."

"I guess that he's here on business too," and then the second night-bird grinned at the first. The sharp eyes of the two representatives from Water street had detected the truth.

Neil Jemmison and the Doctor were one. The overture ended—the curtain rose.

Jemmison, like the rest of the audience, turned his attention to the stage.

The play progressed, the story began to slowly unfold itself, and then, after due preparation, the "star of the evening" made her appearance—habited as an Indian girl, a daughter of the great Comanche nation—to a wild burst of music from the orchestra.

A "round" of applause came from the vast audience and half a dozen bouquets fell at her feet—one elegant bouquet, in particular, coming from the box on the left, occupied by Judge Bruyn and his friends.

The actress bowed her thanks, gathered up her floral trophies, and the play proceeded.

Jemmison, who had sauntered into the theater for an hour's amusement, not knowing what was to be played or who was to play it, had listened to the opening dialogue in his careless, listless way, but on the appearance of Miss Ellen Desmond his manner had undergone a wonderful change.

At first he had started and stared at the stage, and all the time that the vast audience were applauding and the actress was bowing her thanks, picking up her bouquets and depositing them on the table whereon reposed the buffalo-tongue, the supposed product of the young Indian girl's rifle, he had been rubbing his eyes and staring at the beautiful girl with her long raven tresses; Miss Desmond wore an "Indian wig" over her own fair locks to carry out the idea of the daughter of the prairie.

"By Heaven! it is the woman, or else I am going mad!" he muttered, between his firm-set teeth. "But her hair was not as dark as that, nor as long."

Then the thought of the stage disguises came to him.

"Oh, what a fool I am; it is a wig she wears; her own brown tresses are underneath. The man who would put such a strange incident as this into a novel would be laughed at, and yet it is reality. The woman that I have searched for amid all the low haunts of crime in this great city—whom I imagined that I would find, poor, depraved, a wreck of what she formerly was, flashes before me on the stage of one of the leading theaters of New York, the star of the night—the magnet which has drawn a couple of thousand people together, more beautiful, younger looking—more fascinating, more dangerous than when I first met her, some twenty years ago!"

And, by the time Jemmison had come to the end of his unspoken speech, the actress opened her mouth and spoke.

If the "Doctor" had been astonished at the sight of the young and beautiful Miss Desmond, he was no less surprised when the tones of her voice fell upon his ears.

Again he stared blankly at the stage, then he passed his hand over his forehead and endeavored to call back the sound of the voice of the woman, who, twenty years ago, had been to him as the guardian-angel who held ajar the gates of Paradise.

The face astonished him and the voice perplexed him.

The face was familiar to him; he would have recognized it among a thousand, but the voice—if he had heard it coming from an adjoining apartment and had not seen the speaker, he would willingly have sworn that the owner of the voice was a stranger to him.

"What can this mean?" he muttered, in agitation. "Am I mad or dreaming?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROSEBUD.

THE speech of the Indian girl was ended; it was a "tiding" speech—stage parlance again—full of flowers, freedom—and bathos. Again the audience had signified appreciation of that sort of thing coming from a pretty woman.

Jemmison was in a maze; clear, cool-headed fellow that he was, his brain was in a whirl.

Again he looked upon the sweet, fresh young face of the actress—an Indian girl, white as pearly water-lily; such little inconsistencies are the charm of the drama—and as he looked he was sure that it was the face of the woman who had pilloved her head upon his breast, who had been the mother of his child, but who had wedded herself to evil, and plunging into the world, had disappeared beneath the great life-tide as suddenly and completely as the poor wretch who seeks the dark waters of the rolling wave to find forgetfulness and rest.

But when she spoke, his heart answered not to the voice; it was the tones of a stranger that he listened to.

"Years change voices as well as faces," he muttered. "Time, that has spared her angel-face, may have worked its will upon her voice, and yet, the voice of this woman is like liquid music. So, too, Lina's voice was pleasant to the ear, but far less strong, and with a different ring to this one."

Intently Jemmison watched the progress of the play. Every look, every action of the woman he recognized, and when, finally, during the course of the scene, she withdrew herself from the embrace of her lover, the gallant young American gold-hunter—represented by a mature gentleman of forty, with the obesity of an inn-keeper, and a voice like the roar of a base-drum—Jemmison remembered how often in the old time, before the wedding-ring had spanned her finger, she had acted in a like manner with him. The coyness was acting then, as now, and the dark-faced man ground his teeth violently as the thought came to him.

When she was silent he was sure that the actress, Ellen Desmond, was the woman whom he had known, years before, as Lina Atton; but when she spoke, he doubted.

The end of the scene came, and the actress disappeared—amid a burst of applause, as usual.

Then, losing all interest in the mimic scene, Neil Jemmison cast his eyes to the floor and meditated.

"Is it, or is it not?" he muttered; like all men who are solitary in their musing, Jemmison communed much with himself. "Shall I satisfy my curiosity, or now that I am almost certain that I am face to face with the woman that I have sought, shall I pause and not convince myself?"

Long he pondered over the question, but at last he decided.

"I'll satisfy myself," he said, shutting his lips firmly together. "Teaching, thorough culture may have produced the change in the voice; besides, sometimes the voice in singing sounds altogether different from the same in speaking; it may be the same effect here. I will get nearer the stage; perhaps I shall be able to decide, if I am close to the footlights."

Jemmison left his position by the door and walked through the lobby until he came to the

door nearest to the stage. Opening it, he found that he was within some twenty feet of the magic circle of lights which guarded the realm of the buskined queen.

Four or five young men, elaborately "gelled up" with flowers, kids and perfumery, were gathered in a little knot just inside the door. Jemmison, tall and stately, clad in complete black, leaning carelessly against the side of the doorway, appeared like a prince surrounded by a train of bowing courtiers.

Standing as Jemmison did, he could not help overhearing the conversation of the knowing young gentlemen who comprised the group.

"Say, Fred, did you see that bouquet that the Judge threw the little girl?" asked one of the young men, addressing the one next to him.

"I bet you!" replied the other, languidly. "It must have cost ten dollars if it cost a cent. Hang it! what chance can we fellows stand, if a swell like old Bruyn is going to enter for the race? He owns about a dozen bucks. I tell you what, fellows, this chicken don't throw away any more stamps on bouquets while that old monster over there is around."

By this time Miss Desmond was on the stage again, and Jemmison, looking over the box opposite, attracted by the conversation that he had overheard, could not help noting how visibly Nicholas Bruyn seemed to be impressed by the looks or talents—or both combined—of the actress. And, watching the stage closely, too, as well as the occupants of the box, Jemmison, old theater-goer as he was, could not help noticing that the pretty actress played more directly to the private box than she did to the audience in front.

"Is it possible that she has fascinated a man like Bruyn?" Jemmison asked, again communing with himself. The Judge, as well known to Jemmison. He knew his iron nature, and wondered that any woman could cast a spell over him. "It is such women as this fair-faced demon that make men ruin themselves, and then laugh at the mischief they have wrought."

Closely and carefully Jemmison watched the stage until the tableau at the end of the first act came, and the curtain descended. Then he went to the stand in the front lobby and procured an opera glass.

"This may enable me to penetrate the illusions that art has cast around her, and to decide whether she is the woman that I think she is or not," he muttered, as he sauntered along through the lobby to his old position.

Regaining his former station, he pondered over the memory of the past.

"If it were not for the child, I would let the woman go," he murmured; "but I can not forget the child. I must learn whether it is living or dead. True, I have this poor little wretch that I have picked out of the gutter as it were, but still I can not be satisfied until I learn the fate of the other."

The music ended, the curtain rose on the second act. First came a long scene between the villain of the play, the Spanish commandante, and the guileless Mexican girl; then came Miss Desmond again, and this time amid the raven tresses of her long hair, she wore a half-open white rosebud, evidently selected from one of the numerous bouquets that had been bestowed upon her during the first act.</

ent front the usual run of gentlemen who besiege the back-door to see favorite actresses, and civilly replied that it was not possible.

"Will a five-dollar bill aid me in any way?" Jemmission inquired. "I thought that I recognized the lady from the front of the theater, and I should like to satisfy myself whether she is really the person I think she is or not."

"It's no use my taking your money, sir," the door-keeper said, honestly. "If I were to let you go inside, you would only be turned out by the first person you met, for they would detect in an instant that you were a stranger. It would cost me my situation, too, and without doing you any good. You couldn't see Miss Desmond even if you were inside. She's in the dressing-room, now, and after she is dressed she will go right home in her carriage."

"Is that her carriage standing outside?" Jemmission asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I am much obliged for this information."

"Not at all, sir," replied the door-keeper, civilly, and then Jemmission retired.

Outside the door, he took up a position on the curbstone near the carriage, a little apart from the knot of loungers who were watching the door.

The people concerned on the stage began to issue from the back-door, and depart for their homes.

First came the scene-shifters and "fly-men"—the workmen who attend to the borders suspended over the stage, representing the sky, drapery, etc.; after them came the supernumeraries—the ambitious young gentlemen who seek, in a lowly way, to gain some knowledge of the histrionic art; then the ladies of the corps de ballet, one by one and two by two, ill-dressed and badly dressed, hurrying to their humble homes; then the prominent people, the actors and actresses, began to come forth; their dresses, being more elaborate, required more time for their removal.

Full twenty minutes Jemmission had waited and yet saw no signs of Miss Desmond, but the carriage still remained.

"As long as that stays I am safe to wait," the watcher reflected, as he noted the dark forms emerging from the door by one. "Naturally it will take her some time to dress; a half an hour is not too long a time to allow."

And just as Jemmission had made up his mind that it would be fully ten minutes more before the woman would come for whom he waited, a bright, sharp-looking lad came out of the back-door, went up to the driver of the carriage and said something to him in a low tone, and then went back again into the theater.

The man on the box of the carriage took up his reins, whistled to his horse and drove off up the street.

Jemmission was somewhat astonished at this movement.

"She will not use the carriage to-night then," he muttered; "that is strange. Can it be possible that she has discovered, in some way, that I am here, and thus seeks to throw me off the scent? By Heaven! I am sure now that she is the woman; Ellen Desmond is Lina Aton!"

Then a sudden thought occurred to him.

"Perhaps she has ordered the carriage round to the front of the theater!" he exclaimed; "that is easily ascertained!"

So, without loss of time, Jemmission hurried round to Broadway.

Two or three carriages stood in front of the hotel and near to the entrance of the theater, but a single glance told Jemmission that the vehicle he sought was not among them; all were two-horse coaches; the modest little one-horse coupe of the actress was not there.

"I am outwitted!" Jemmission muttered, as he stood in front of the now dark and desolate theater entrance; "but, the very precaution that she has taken to avoid me proves that my suspicion is correct. She is the woman that I think she is. The whole proceeding is strange; she must have discovered that I was in front of the house and anticipated that I would discover her and lay in wait for her. I swore to her once that if she ever played me false, I would kill her with as little mercy as though she was a snake coiled in my path with head upraised to strike. Perhaps she remembers my words and fears that I will attempt to make them good," and, as he spoke, Jemmission laughed bitterly to himself.

His meditations were disturbed by the irruption of some half a dozen young men from the saloon attached to the hotel. They gathered on the pavement right in front of him, and Jemmission discovered that it was the same party who had sat in front of him in the theater.

It was plainly evident the young men had been drinking more strong liquor than was good for them, and that their weak heads were now in a sad state.

"I am done for, Gus!" exclaimed one of them, who seemed to be a sort of leading spirit, and who was elaborately attired in a costume of which a light yellow overcoat and a red necktie were the leading features. "My goose is cooked!"

The tone of the gentleman with the red necktie was despairing in the extreme.

"But is it a sure 'buff fact, Fred?' demanded another, who was endeavoring to steady himself by the aid of a cane about as big round as a lead-pencil.

"You can bet stamps on it!" replied the first speaker, emphatically.

"Oh, I loved her and she might have been the happiest in the land."

But she ran away with Bryn the lawyer, who came with a German band," howled the youth, discordantly and disconsolately.

The name of Bryn attracted Jemmission's attention to the muddled utterances of the devotee of fashion.

"Who saw her go, anyway?" asked another of the party, who was holding up the bill-board in front of the saloon with the small of his back, and who, by this simple device was enabled to preserve a very upright carriage.

"I saw it, myself," said the red necktie gentleman. "I came to the door here, after that first cocktail, while you fellows were chinnin' it inside, and I saw old Bryn and Palmer talking together, and then Mediam—that's Miss Desmond's agent you know—came out and joined them. I heard him say, 'Wait a minute, she's nearly dressed,' and then he went in again. Oh, gents, when I heard that, and saw that old thief of a lawyer waiting for the woman that I was willing to lavish all my salary on, I felt as if I would have liked to punch his head for him. I stood right here, gents, and saw the woman that I adored get into a carriage with Bryn and Palmer, and that sneak of a business-agent who promised me an introduction to her, and saw 'em go off—heard old Bryn tell the coachman to drive 'em to the Maison Doree."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 100.)

A PARIS paper tells an amusing anecdote about Lafayette. At Lamrue's funeral the crowd took out the General's horses, as he was returning home, and drew him to his hotel. "You must have been very much pleased," remarked a friend, some time afterward. "Very much pleased, indeed," replied Lafayette; "but I never saw any thing more of my horses."

MY HUSBAND.

What man is this I must obey;
What when I'd go, out bid me stay,
And to my Yes—over my head say?
My Husband!

What one is this whose lordly soul
Is so impatient of control,
Lest his dear liberty be stole?
My Husband!

Who is it frowns when bills come in,
And swears it is a shameful sin—
Through me he'll soon be ruin's twin?
My Husband!

When I feel cold, who's ever warm,
And thinks a draught can do no harm—
Thus always calling me alarm?
My Husband!

And when my bones all ache with pain,
For which some noxious root I obtain,
Who calls me foolish, crazed, insane?
My Husband!

Who is it thinks his angry brow
Must find an answering smile somehow,
Temper in me he'll never allow?
My Husband!

And yet, who is it I love so,
That if he bid me stay, not go,
I change my Yes to suit his No?
My Husband!

What tho' he frowns when bills appear,
Who buys the best for me to wear,
To please me well, his greatest care?
My Husband!

And when I'm sick, tho' he can't nurse,
Who's ever ready with his purse,
And trembles lest I should grow worse?
My Husband!

What though his anger sometimes rise—
Who keeps me for his loving eyes,
And shares with me both smiles and sighs?
My Husband!

Who such unexpected power can wield,
To which I lend submission yield,
With his strong heart for ever my shield?
My Husband!

Who is my sovereign here on earth—
Despite whose faults, is fairly worth,
The fondest love that e'er had birth?
My Husband!

NADIA.

THE RUSSIAN SPY;

The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJA," "THE SEA OAT," "THE
BLACK RIDER," "DOUBLED-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OUTPOSTS.

The English pickets were indeed passed; and before the comrades lay a level plateau, about a quarter of a mile in breadth, bordered by precipitous ravines, a sort of isthmus, that connected the ground occupied by the Allies with the open country beyond the Tchernaya.

"Noo, Peesho," said the piper, in a low voice; "ye ken we're in a bad place gin we coom across the Rooshians; and we'll coom on them pretty soon. Be ready to drap, mon. We'll be at the Tchernaya in anither half-hour. Ye ken it rias into the harbor."

"Ziens, mon, brose," said Pichot, halting. "Where are we going, and what are we to do? We are all free now."

"We're jist bound for the Rooshian pickets, whatever they may be," said Sandy; "and once there we'll luke out to tak' a prisoner that kens something. Peesho, ye ken we Highlanders are said to ha'e the geest of second sight—it's what yer Frenchers call *clairvoyance*, ye ken—and I canna get it out of my mind that I ha'e seen that bonny ledly ower here. I's awa' till I find her."

Pichot stopped his companion as he was going on.

"Monsieur McPherson," he said, gravely, "is it possible that you have come out here on a fancy like that?"

Sandy turned on him peevishly.

"Hoot awa', mon, ye want to ken sae thing a body kens. Weel, if ye maun ken, I ha'e grace reason to suspicion that the bonny ledly's a Rooshian spy, and that she kens her ilka nicht. I ha'e seen her. Noo, will ye gang wi' me?"

"I will," said the Zouave, reassured.

Then the two plodded on through the darkness over the neck of land, without guessing a soul, and finally stood on the edge of the steep descent that led down to the river Tchernaya.

"Doon, mon, doon, and creep over the ridge like a snake," said Sandy, in a whisper. "Gin there's Rooshians here, they'll see us against the sky line."

Both dropped on their faces, then crawled slowly to the edge of the declivity, and looked over. Below them, in a deep valley, the white gleam of water and the audible wash of the current showed where the river lay.

Both strained their eyes in vain to find any sign of human occupancy. The Tchernaya valley was empty.

By mutual consent both men crawled over the edge and some little distance down the declivity before they ventured to rise, and only then behind the shelter of a thicket.

Then they stole cautiously down toward the bridge that they knew crossed the river. A regular road ran down to it, and they crept cautiously along in the ditch beside it, stopping to listen at every few steps.

Silent as every thing was, they were not fool enough to believe that the place was therefore empty.

The outpost of an army are not wont to make much noise.

Presently they were in the ditch, at the side of the road next to the bridge; and, by stooping low down, brought the outline of the picturesque stone structure partly against the sky line.

The piper pinched the Zouave's arm and pointed.

The dim outline of a Cossack on guard, with his long spear upright in the air, occupied the summit of the arch.

The vidette was looking straight before him, with the stolid air peculiar to the mechanical Russian soldier. He had evidently neither seen nor heard them.

Without a word Sandy and Pichot stole forward, still down the course of the side ditch, till they had put the abutments of the old stone bridge between them and the Cossack. The bridge was an old single-arched affair, where the roadway in the center necessarily rose high above the extremities; and thus, on a dark night, a person by the abutments was quite out of sight.

In a minute more the Scot and the Zouave stood on the banks of the little river, under the arch itself, for the long dry season had lowered the water considerably.

They did not dare to speak now. It would not do to presume too far on the stolidity of the Cossack.

Sandy pointed across the stream, and Pichot nodded. The Scot was just about to wade in, when he heard the hoofs of a horse coming at a slow trot over the stony road at the other side. Instantly both halted and stole back to the edge of the abutment to listen.

The approaching horseman had roused the Cossack. They could hear the tramp of his pony's feet as he wheeled around to confront the new-comer.

"It's the sergeant on his rounds, belike," said the piper, in a whisper. "Noo, gin we only understood the lingo, Peesho, we might find the countersign and walk in like gentlemen."

In a moment more the hoarse voice of the vidette was heard hailing, and the approaching horseman pulled up and answered.

The Cossack spoke again, and seemed to be repeating some directions to the other, for he spoke some time.

Then the strange horseman called out, as he rode on:

"*Churasho!*" (All right.)

The Cossack on the bridge seemed to think that it was by no means all right, however, for they could hear him shouting to the other in a warning tone, and at the same time came the ominous click of a pistol-lock.

The strange horseman, despite all, rode boldly down to the bridge, and then suddenly wheeled round and dashed into the river at the left of the bridge. Instantly, with a furious malediction, the Cossack dashed to the parapet of the bridge and fired his pistol at the other.

Sandy uttered a low exclamation of surprise. He had recognized in the figure in the water the low bear-skin shako and hanging jacket of a French chasseur, for even in that darkness the scarlet trousers were conspicuous.

"It's one of our ain officers, Peesho," he whispered, excitedly. "Belike he's been out on the same errand as yersel', mon. We maun let the Rooshian kill him."

The piper drew his revolver as he spoke, and watched the figure of the Cossack on the bridge.

The officer in the water appeared not to have been hit, for he kept on his course across the stream without faltering; his horse being almost swimming deep by this time.

The Cossack, swearing away in Russian, galloped around to the further bank of the river, passing within four feet of the two crouching comrades without seeing them under the shadow of the abutment, and rode down to the water's edge to intercept the stranger.

Then Sandy and the Zouave rose, as if with one impulse, and suddenly rushed at the unwary vidette. In a single bound the athletic Highlander was alongside, as the Cossack halted by the river. The next moment his shaggy arm was round the other's throat, and he bore him backward from the saddle in the scientific manner of a professional garrotter. In the very action Pichot seized him on the other side, and flourishing his sword bayonet ferociously, compelled silence from the astonished and terrified man.

"Cut his weasand gin he says a word," said the piper, rapidly, as he turned to watch the man in the river. "I'm curious to know what you gay callant may be."

In the middle of the stream, the gayly-uniformed horseman had halted, and now seemed undecided whether to advance or retreat.

"I thought as muckle," growled Sandy, savagely, as he eyed the other with great disgust. "Yon's a spy, coming to rin oor guard as a French officer. Noo lat's see gin he will."

The Highlander ran round, and in a twinkling was on the bridge and over the middle of the arch. He knew full well that there was danger, for the rest of the chain of videttes must be near; but he was resolved to capture this mysterious stranger, if possible.

Over the middle of the arch he leaped, pistol in hand, and spoke in a low voice:

"Surrender, ye traitor tyke, or I'll riddle ye wi' bullets."

For answer the strange officer suddenly made his horse leap forward in the water, when he disappeared under the bridge. Just as he did it Sandy fired, and felt convinced that he had struck the horse, for he heard a great splashing below.

Then he also heard a distant shouting, and the swift gallop of a horse on the Russian side of the river.

"We ha'e rousit the pickets, anyway," he muttered, as he turned discontentedly away; "and gin I'm no muckle mista'en we'll see something, noo."

He ran down the bridge to where he had left his comrade with the Cossack, and found that the latter had already bound and gagged his victim with his own belts. Then, seeing that the man in the river had reached the Russian shore, the piper did not fire again, but turned his attention to his own safety.

Dealing the Cossack's docile pony a cut with the Cossack's own whip, that sent it galloping away, the two comrades scrambled up the bank into a thicket, just as the tramp of horses came near.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE POLICE RY.

The village of Beloi Gorod was a representative Russian village, in the midst of a dead flat, many miles in extent, surrounded by struggling forests, dotted with a few huts, in the midst of which stood the village fields around the village itself.

The houses were all long and low, with black thatched roofs, each in its own little garden, along the single street that composes the breathing space of the village, with a circular green in the center. A strong stockade ran round the whole place, so as to make it a complete fortification, not against man, but against the innumerable wolves that infest all Russia.

Gorloff, in his disguise, drove in at the open gate of the village, and was welcomed with effusion by the hospitable peasants, who crowded round to buy of him, and to proffer the shelter that was needed from the night fast approaching.

Gorloff played his part well; and after selling out a great part of his stock at prices that astonished the peasants from their cheapness, accepted the hospitality of the elder of the village, old Michael Ivanovitch.

In a short time he was ushered into the elder's house, the largest in the place, and fronting on the green. Old Michael had been the elder for twenty-five years, and was the richest peasant there. As elder, he enjoyed automatic rule over the village, and Gorloff knew that he was the best person to get news out of.

As soon as the simple supper was over, the vodka (brandy) and pipes were produced; and host and guest drew up beside the roaring fire that conquered the cold outside.

"And now, friend peddler," said old Michael, when they had drunk a first glass, and lighted their pipes, "tell us of czar. Thou hast been around court. How does our czar look? Is he sad on account of these heathen barbarians that desolate the lands of the Crimea? Hast thou seen our czar?"

The Russian peasant, it may be observed, has an intense reverence and affection for the czar, even if he has never seen him, and always speaks of him in the familiar manner.

"Emperor" is to him a foreign title; "czar" is the czar who loves children, and whom they love.

Czar Nicolai reviewed his guard yesterday," said the peddler. "He looked well, and glad, for his faithful soldiers have beaten this accursed English at Balaklava; and Sebastopol defies them."

The elder filled a horn of vodka and rose. "God bless Czar Nicolai, and death to the invaders," he said.

Then he and the peddler drank in silence. The peddler, however, only appeared to drink. In reality he spit most of his liquor on the ground. Michael Ivanovitch finished his to the last drop, and took nearly half a pint of raw

brandy at that one swig. Thus it was no wonder that his tongue loosened.

"Thou art a royal peddler," he said, patronizingly; "and I doubt not thou hast seen much in thy travels. Hast thou ever seen the czar on his throne?"

"Ay, have I," said the peddler, readily; "and that many a time. But I saw only to-day one who looks finer than even the czar himself when he is in his full dress."

"And who was that?" inquired the elder.

"None other than the great Prince Gallitzin," said the peddler, in a tone of rapt enthusiasm. "There is a prince if you like! None of your new creations, but an old boyar, who draws his race from the time of the great Constantine."

Michael Ivanovitch rose and poured out a second horn of vodka. Then he said, with tears in his eyes:

"Friend peddler, thou art the finest fellow I ever met. Here is to our lord, Prince Gallitzin, and may he never see old age, but live forever with us!"

A second time the elder drained his horn, and when he sat down the peddler proceeded:

"What! Is he the lord of this village? In truth I did not know it. Does he ever come to see you?"

"Ay, does he," said Michael, proudly; "and that very often. Our lord, the prince, loves his children of Beloi Gorod, and comes—why, he was here to-day; you must have met him going down."

"Ay, I did," said the peddler, carelessly; "but that was on the Moscow road. I know not that he came from here. Why, what does he here?"

Michael Ivanovitch hesitated, but he was by this time very drunk, and correspondingly affectionate.

"Friend peddler," he hiccupped, "I love thee for thy looks and thy news. Swear to me that thou'll never tell a soul of the news, and I'll tell thee. The prince comes here—"

He leaned over and whispered mysteriously: "To look to the dead in an empty church."

In spite of his skepticism, Gorloff started under his disguise, and ejaculated:

"Talk to the devil! How?"

Michael Ivanovitch shook his head with an air of great importance and mystery.

"The Gallitzins were always a wicked race," he said. "When Ivan the terrible was czar, there was but one man in all his kingdom that did not fear him. That was Nicolai Gallitzin, who used to burn his serfs alive, and made even the czar fear him. Our Alexis is a worthy son of the terrible Gallitzins. He can do any thing. Thou knowest, brother peddler, that when a church is deserted by God, the devils flock into it. Well, we have such a church, struck by lightning. No one of us would dare go near it, without the priest to help us, but Alexis Gallitzin stays there whole days and nights at a time."

The peddler crossed himself piously. Then he filled both horns. "Let us drink confusion to the Black One," he said.

But Michael could not quite see the propriety of this. It was attacking, by implication, the family devil of the Gallitzins. "No, no," he said, wisely; "we had better not mention him, friend. He may be looking through the windows. But after all he is not so very bad, or the Gallitzin would not deal with him. Not that the prince would be afraid, were he ever so black."

"Then let us drink to the czar," said the peddler.

"Ay, ay, we'll do that."

The third half-pint finished Michael Ivanovitch, who was glad to stagger to bed. In twenty minutes after the whole village was asleep to all seeming.

The disguised minister rose up from the furs on which he had thrown himself, all dressed, like every one else. He listened to make sure that no one was awake, then went to the table and drained a half-pint of vodka, like so much water, ere he set out on his search in the intense Russian cold.

Then he softly raised the latch and stole out into the street, at the other end of which he had noticed the broken tower of the old church.

He passed the new one on his way, a simple little structure of stone, with a pointed spire cased with shining green tiles. The old one was at the very end of the street, and thither went Gorloff. He could see that the roof was still good over the body of the church, but the tower was gone to ruin.

He heard no one about in the village, and therefore proceeded boldly to the front door of the church.

It was only lightly fastened, and he opened it and looked in. To his surprise a light was burning by the altar, in the way general to Greek and Roman churches.

Gorloff slipped softly in and closed the door. Instead of the intense cold that prevailed without, the atmosphere of the church was glowing with genial heat.

"This church is inhabited, and the superstitious fools have not dared to enter," thought the explorer.

But, except for the heat, there was no mark of the presence of human beings within the building.

The floor was perfectly bare, unbroken by the rigid lines of pews that prevail in our Western churches, for, all through the East, the congregation stands or sits on the floor.

The count stepped noiselessly to one side behind a pillar and looked around him. Rows of dark pictures covered the walls, of which he could see nothing but the frames, for the single candle on the altar only rendered the darkness visible.

Gorloff remained in his position for several minutes, scanning every corner of the edifice, and expecting momentarily to see some figure in motion start out.

But as nothing came, after a while he ventured to steal forward to another pillar. Still there was no sound. A dead stillness prevailed in the church, so complete that the faint distant cry of the wolf on the plains came plainly to the ear. The spy looked all round to find out the source of this mysterious heat, but for some time in vain.

At last, as he stole about on tiptoe, it forced itself on his notice by a blast of hot air which came from a large square hole at the foot of a pillar.

"Hot air! A furnace!" he muttered.

"Now there must be some one to attend to that. Who can they be?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COLUMN IN THE MIST.

The venturesome soldiers knelt down in the thicket, hidden from view themselves, but in full sight of the bridge. Pichot had carried off the Cossack's short musket and boxes, and proceeded with perfect deliberation to draw the rammer and sound the piece. He found it loaded and capped.

With equal deliberation the Highlander piper reloaded the empty chamber of his revolver, keeping a keen look-out on the bridge all the time.

The strange horseman in French uniform, who had puzzled them so much, had entirely disappeared by the time they got to the thicket,

and they could not imagine what had become of him.

Instead of him, they distinctly saw a strong patrol of Cossacks come galloping down from the opposite heights to the bridge and halt there.

Several of the party rode across the bridge, as if to search for the vidette, and clustered together in a group, while voices were heard in excited consultation on the possible meaning of the disturbance.

The two comrades, from their shelter in the thicket, heard every word. But alas, they could not understand one of them.

The Russians seemed to be disputing on the probable fate of the sentry, and hesitating whether to advance or retreat. At last a clear voice shouted out some order, and the men who had halted on the further side of the bridge trotted over to join their officer. About a dozen of the Cossacks then formed an open skirmish line, slung their lances, and the clicking of carbine locks was plainly heard in the stillness.

The skirmish line rode slowly up the hill, skirting the road on either side, as if to search for a possible enemy.

"Stoop down, mon," whispered the piper, as he covered closer into the brush.

The Zouave obeyed in silence, and the tramp and rustle of horsemen moving through the bushes came steadily on, and passed within twenty feet of them.

The left Cossack of the line might have even ridden over them, had not his horse shied away from penetrating the dense scrubby thicket in which they lay; and the soldier, reining the animal to the left, rode round the edge of the copse, in a blissful state of unconsciousness of their presence.

As far as concerned his own safety it was well, for he was covered by the Zouave's piece at the moment he swerved, and another step would have brought the Frenchman's finger to the trigger.

As it was, the batons passed on up the hill, without flushing the game, and the comrades breathed freely as they heard them in the distance grumbling to one another, in tones that expressed their amazement and displeasure.

In a quarter of an hour later they came riding down the hill again, to report to their commander, and the comrades had the satisfaction of hearing them depart.

But two fresh videttes were left at the further side of the bridge, instead of at the summit of the arch, and the comrades came to the conclusion that it was useless to try to penetrate any further that night.

"We'll have to gang back, Peesho," said the piper, in a low tone; "but gin I c'd lay my grip on that fause loon 'o' the hussar busby, I wad be content to stay here till morn."

"Ma foi, mon ami, I will stay, too," whispered Pichot. "He have not crossed de riviere yet, and we can see him ven he come. Eh, mon Zouave, we will give him peppair."

Sandy chuckled, and settled himself down to watch. The corporal of Zouaves laid down on the ground and kept his keen eye roaming up and down the banks on the other side of the river; and for some time a dead silence was preserved.

Then a distant sound slowly grew upon the ear, which gradually resolved itself into the unmistakable rumble of heavy vehicles on a road.

Sandy started.

"The Rooshians are movin', Peesho; you 'a' the rumble of guns. I tauld ye the Highland second sight wadna be deespised."

Pichot made no answer; he was listening too intently.

Sure enough the sound they heard was the unmistakable rumble of guns over a hard road, and, moreover, it was coming straight toward them.

After a while they could hear above it the dull murmur of voices that accompanies the movement of marching men, and Pichot whispered:

"Mon ami, it is well we are here. It is one grand movement."

After that neither of them said a word. They were too much absorbed in listening and watching.

They had a long time to wait, and the night grew colder and colder. A faint breeze came up from the Black Sea as the hours wore on, wafting dense clouds of mist up from the waters.

The thick creeping fog came curling in white wreaths up the valley, and gradually shrouded bridge and river in the thick rail. The rumble of the distant artillery grew plainer and plainer, the murmur of the crowd of footmen more distinct, while the regular clatter of horses' feet in great numbers began to be plainly heard.

As soon as the fog covered every thing, Sandy rose up.

"Come, Peesho," he said, dryly; "the de'il's are coming this way, and it's unlikely they'll find us gin we stay. Let's gang doon across the river, and tak' a luke at them, and then gang hame."

Pichot quietly rose from his covert, and stole down the hill after his comrade, both keeping away from the bridge, where the unhappy Cossack still lay in the grass, bound and gagged.

In a very little time they were at the water's edge, when both lay down and listened.

The rumble of guns had ceased, and the murmur had died away.

But they knew the reason of that without asking. Marching troops are wont to halt every hour for a few minutes, and this silence only portended a halt.

Sandy and the Zouave, without hesitation, waded into the river, resolved to cross to the Russian side, favored by the fog.

In three steps they were waist deep, in another they would have had to swim, when Pichot grasped his companion's arm forcibly and pointed up the river.

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Our Arm-Chair.

"Philosophy."—The assumptions of learning are sometimes very ridiculous. Give a person a smattering of what is denominated "Speculative Philosophy" and then hear him talk! As for instance, a man who considers himself some on the sciences, "orates" on the relative difference between reason, nature and spirit:

"Thought, or Reason, is the implicit or In-Itself of Nature; or, if one chooses, Nature is the explicit or Out-of-Itself of Thought; for the Universal is just this In-and-Out-and, and as such, one as the other. Thought, then, is existence in-itself, Nature is existence for-itself, or objectivated to Thought, and Spirit is the whole truth of existence, at once in-itself and for-itself."

A correspondent who sends us this, asks: "Is it sense or nonsense?" and adds: "I've puzzled my head over it, and I'll be hanged if I can see through it." It is the veriest twaddle—the next blather. What the verbal pettifogger means is that reason or thought is the power to interpret or understand nature, and that there can be no existence without thought—a proposition just as tenable and philosophical as this:

"Am I or am I not? If I am, I am what I am; if I am not, what am I?"

The Scotchman's definition of metaphysics (or speculative philosophy) holds good throughout the world. He says: "It is the study of what the folks who listen didn't mean the meaning of what they hear, and when the man who speaks didn't know what he means his ain self—that's metaphysics."

Chat.—The News, Kellogg, Iowa, complimenting Mr. Alken's *Gentleman*, now running through our columns, justly characterizing it as "a splendid serial," remarks: "The SATURDAY JOURNAL is one of the best weekly papers now published. Its stories and sketches are from the pens of the best authors of the day, and are of such a high-toned and moral character as to be read by the most fastidious."

While we do not especially cater for the fastidious and hypercritical in the matter of fiction, it is agreeable to know that we do please the most exacting. There now is so much trash and bad sentiment published under the guise of the "popular novel" that parents are fully justified in having a watchful eye over the literature that enters their homes. We aim to reach the highest standard of the strictly popular story—brilliant, strong and impressive; and yet we exclude in character, incident or sentiment anything that can possibly pander to a vulgar or a questionable taste. Fiction to be good must be healthy; inspiring to the spirits, delighting to the sentiments and suggestive in its moral. Our writers all understand our views on this point: hence the almost invariable success of their productions.

We receive occasionally a real boy's letter, as for instance:

"Dear Sir: I want to grow up big as strong fur to make a man like my uncle Bob he is lame and hasen't got a gun yet but I have a bully-katur an goes to church on a horse nobody can ride as he has a gun a bottle of hair grower, so what wood you do for if you was me to make a big man?"

Now, some of our readers may laugh at this and call our little correspondent a small goose; but, don't be too sure of that, for the time was when you yourself was "just such another." The desire of boys to be big is just as natural as for yeast to rise. It is the incipient manhood asserting itself, and betrays, too, an ambition to be somebody—to make a stir—to do something. A boy who don't want to excel his uncle Bob won't amount to much. He may be the good little saint who never is in anybody's way, and never does anything wrong, but that boy is as sure to grow up a "spooney" and die an early death as a sick lamb is sure to make sheep number. Give us the boy who envies uncle Bob his horse and hair-grease! We care so much for this letter that we wrote its author a "real, post-office reply."

We by no means believe in costly present-making among the young folks. A few years ago a present that cost two or three dollars was considered as quite expensive enough, but what is thought nowadays of a gift that costs no more! The extravagance of our desires has kept in front of the extravagance of our actual expenses, and a young man who can not give a very fine thing don't want to give at all. It has come to be "not the proper" to offer an inexpensive present. It must taste of gold to have any estimable value. The gift used to be esteemed for the motive which prompted it; now it is esteemed for the value of the moneyworth. This makes present-giving a very expensive matter, and to young men working on salaries it is a grievous burden. For such, there is but one course to pursue—to avoid the giving. If assured that the modest gift will be well received, make the modest gift as a token of your regard or good feeling; but, if you are not assured that such a present would be valued for the giver's sake, spare your pride and your purse by not giving.

GRAINS VS. MONEY.

WHEN I see old people, or, in fact, middle-aged people, with but little education, I feel sorry for them and do not blame them, because, when I consider they had not the advantage we now possess, I am well aware it is not their fault so much as it is their misfortune; but I do blame them for allowing those growing up around them, and whom they have the charge of, to neglect acquiring an education when they can. You may say that "the youngsters don't want to go to school, and why should we urge them too much to do so?" That's all stuff and nonsense. Do we, any of us, want to do what we are obliged to do? If you took more interest in the school yourself, in the teacher's labors, and in the studies which the young people pursued, they would be more willing to go, but, if you don't care how they progress, why should they?

You haven't time, eh? Then, my dear sir and madam, it is high time you made it. When those youngsters were toddling about on the floor you found time enough to see that they didn't fall and make their eyes red, or break their precious noses, and it is just as essential to train up a lad in educational paths as it is to teach the baby to walk.

I have known of a man who valued money more than brains, and who would rather see his son work out day after day, instead of going through college, as he was studiously endeavoring to do—actually considered great bucks far preferable to education! I wish I had the charge of such a person. I'd just condemn him to punishment, and of no light sort, either. He should be confined in a solitary room and have twenty organs droning away at some doleful melody until he came out, a repentant sinner.

Sometimes it does seem to me as if money was thought of more than anything else, and as if brains were of no account whatever. I heard a man once decline to attend a lecture, because it cost money to do so, and he boasted that he had never laid out more than twelve and a half cents for any amusement. Perhaps if he had, he'd have been much wiser. He actually seemed to imagine his abstinence was something to be commented upon as a good deed. I put him down as an old fossil. If he had gone to the lecture that night he would have gained more information in those few hours than he ever did in all his life. And I told him so.

"But not have got any money," he replied.

He would; for the lecture pointed out many ways of making money in an honest and legitimate way.

Get education, knowledge and information, and it will not be so very hard to get money, if you are so crazy to obtain it.

Money-bags may give you gold, and some thief may steal it all from you. Mr. Teacher, may give you an education of who can wrest that from you? Who would wish to grow up, or allow others to grow up, in ignorance when the advantages of education are so cheap? If your schools are too far off let home education be the rule, and, if you have no one at home to teach you, educate yourself!

If you knew that by sending your children a couple of miles every day they would be sure to bring home a nugget of gold, you would willingly let them go and be able to spare them, but do you find yourselves as willing to dispense with their services, or think it not too far for them to go to school, to gain a far higher treasure? Notice the lives of some of the most remarkable men of ancient or modern times! Because they had no advantage of learning when young, did they consider it as an excuse for not gaining an education when they grew older? No, indeed, they didn't! nor has any one, to-day, such an excuse. If people would study as hard to increase their stock of brains as they do their pile of money they'd be much happier and far better. When such a good day as that dawns I shall believe the world is advancing, and one less subject will not weigh so heavily on the mind of

EVE LAWLESS.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Two great questions have agitated the people, what shall we eat, and what shall we wear?—and now the third, not less important, arises, what shall we read?

The mind may be fed as well as the body; we must clothe ourselves with graceful thoughts as well as with neat and becoming garments. We must plant good seed if we would have good fruit; we must read good books if we would be pure of heart and liberal of purpose. It would be a great mistake to narrow life to our own individual views, to confine to our own particular limit. Other people may not be wasting precious time though they do not fall in with our ideas and walk in our tracks. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world, and the world moves in accordance with the enlightenment of the age.

Only a small portion of humanity can be scholars. Few plunge into deep researches and master occult sciences. The greater mass is very properly made up of bone and sinew, of muscle and nerve, the practical powers which build up our machinery, which lay our railway-tracks, which build our ships, which guide the plow and sow the seed and gather the harvest with which the world is fed. It would be folly to give the workman who toils with his hands and tires his body for six days of the week, an abstruse work to ponder over. His brain is not active. His ingenuity lies in his fingers, not in his mental attributes. He reads to amuse, to keep himself informed of the important news of the day, to know what the time is bringing forth. The weekly paper is as much a necessity to him as is the literary journal to his wife, whose thoughts follow the fortunes of a heroine through long chapters while she makes and mends, scrubs and washes, cooks and clears away, with the thrift which must make one dollar fill the place of two. Through the wear and tear of the hard life every ray of sunshine should be carefully gleaned, every bright fancy prove the comfort which is lacking in more substantial things.

The merchant, the tradesman, the whole business world, must have their daily news, their morning and evening papers, their market reports, their trade exchanges. Their homes must be filled with libraries of real literary merit, not merely solid works, not dull treatises, but standard works of fiction, fair sentiment in poetry, interesting biographies and books of travel, the chief works of history, with magazines and papers of the better class, for daily and hourly association. Authors who are like dear friends we love, whose utterances awaken a thrill in our hearts, whose natural pens depict the life we know, who carry our sympathies from first to last, whom we take up with delight and lay down with a sigh—these are the ones to find the first place in our homes.

Tastes are widely diversified, but in this day of demand the supply equals it. Our popular weeklies cater for all tastes and one or more of them should find a place in every home. At least one good magazine should furnish more solid instructive matter in entertaining form. New books should come from time to time, books of good healthy tone, lively and

spirited, and here it is where discrimination so often fails.

Parents are anxious over this question of what their children shall read, and in sticking for morality are too often apt to go to the extreme of puerile sentiment. The younger people want amusement. So let the home reading be attractive; the whole home-life inviting, or outside pleasures and vices will find no resistance to their allurements. If it only were better understood how much good books and good music, pleasant surroundings and parents' sympathy, have to do with the road over which young people travel, more attention would be paid to all these things, fewer young men would drift naturally to club-rooms and saloons, fewer girls be crusted in by worldly selfishness, fewer couples on the down-hill of life find themselves more desolate than if children had never been born to them.

J. D. B.

A GOOD ARTICLE.

THAT is what everybody wants in this world; that is what everybody has to sell—of course. Suppose we ask a tradesman if an article is good, if he is a wide-awake man, up to the times and quick at his business, he will, in nine cases out of ten, reply that he keeps nothing else. "No bad articles here, sir," and really he will regard the question as a sort of an aspersions upon the character of his store.

That's just the idea when a man opens a store—he opens it to sell good articles. It isn't really necessary for him to say so, because the very fact of opening his store states the fact for him.

What would we think of a man who should open a place of business and hang out a big sign: "No good articles sold here!" would he naturally take the owner of the aforesaid store to be a little cracked in the upper story; to have a "bee in his bonnet," as the Scotch saying has it?

Of course we should!

Therefore it is quite plain that when a man takes down his shutters, throws open the doors of his store, and invites us to walk in, he tacitly informs us that if we buy any thing there it will be a good article.

And not only does the rule hold good with the storekeeper, but with the mechanic and artist, and the professional man. The doctor when he displays his sign; the lawyer when he displays his "shingle," both imply that if you apply you will receive a good article—good medical advice, good legal counsel, etc.

The builder, the blacksmith, the plumber, the painter, in fact, the men of all trades, all guarantee a good article to their customers when they solicit their custom, even if they do nothing but affix a sign to the "outward walls" of their respective shops.

Even the newspapers, arbitrary and independent as are a great many of them, are no exception to the rule.

The folded sheet, as it stares you in the face from the newsman's counter, is a full contract that it shall prove to be a good article, else it would have no excuse for its being, no excuse for the deftly arranged appearance which persuades you to purchase.

Now, we come right down to the "bed-rock," as a Californian would say. Do we always get a good article? Does it pay the dealer, be he storekeeper, professional man or mechanic, to furnish a bad one?

We don't really think that any one will attempt to argue that it does, yet a great many argue that way in actual practice.

Do we ever employ the carpenter a second time who botches his first job? Do we buy bad coffee twice from the same man? Do we buy a second issue of a newspaper that displeases us?

We think not "if the court knows itself."

Therefore the rule is plain, keep the implied agreement and furnish a good article. Look to it, ye storekeepers! Treasure the counsel as the apple of your eye, oh, doctor, lawyer, editor, or mechanic! Hold to it, artist and author! Never furnish a bad article, either of work or goods, and the way to prosperity is assured.

THE DEACON.

THE DRAMA.

WHEN man is tired, he needs recreation and enjoyment; he needs something that, for a time, will wean him from his cares, and mitigate his troubles and anxieties. In witnessing an entertainment that is pleasing, he will forget that life looked so weary and sad to him, and he will return home with a more cheerful heart and a better countenance.

The drama has done many a good deed despite its calumnies. In the representation of tragedy we see how much worse the woes of others are than our own; and how many more trials they have; perhaps we see how nobly and courageously the hero bears his burden, and we naturally feel that ours are the lighter. To see another's suffering often mitigates our own; we can perceive that all the trials are not given to us, that others have their share. When the drama has removed selfishness from us, has it not done some good?

The moral of all worthy dramas is to punish vice and reward virtue; to show, as in real life, that if wickedness flourishes for a time, it will be punished; and that, in the end, the noble and the good are rewarded, while the depraved and wicked are held up to scorn and derision. In its way the drama teaches us many a sermon without being tedious, prosy or dry.

In Shakespearean, and tragedies of a similar stamp, one learns a deal of manners of the ancient time, and acquires an immense deal of historical knowledge that we have not the time nor patience to glean from ponderous tomes. If it instructs us, has not the drama done much good?

Supposing the comedies and farces are somewhat flavored with the ridiculous, is it not the same with real life? Are not many of the actions of those with whom we come in contact as ridiculous?

Because a clergyman acts contrary to his Maker's will, is that a reason for us to despise all religion, or scoff at all clergymen? Because one couple do not lead a happy wedded life, is that any reason that we should decry matrimony? And if actors or plays sometimes bring discredit to the dramatic profession, is that an excuse for us to style all plays immoral or all actors bad, and the drama a disgrace?

Without the drama—the drama in all its variety we mean—the world would be more wicked and depraved than it is now. The stage gives employment to thousands who would have nothing to do, and so be a clog upon humanity; it gives benefits to charitable objects and makes charitable institutions the recipients of a great amount of money which they would languish and die without; and, when we take all these things into consideration, has not the drama done its share of good?

F. S. F.

LIFE LENGTHENED.

CULTIVATE an equable temper; many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.

Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and no thing between meals.

Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon

as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the daytime, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.

Work always by the day, and not by the job.

Stop working before you are very much tired before you are "fagged out."

Cultivate a generous and an accommodating temper.

Never cross a bridge before you come to it; this will save half the troubles of life.

Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty.

Let your appetites always come uninvited.

Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness, and save millions of lives every year.

Never resist a call of nature for a single moment.

Never allow yourself to be chilled "through and through," it is this which destroys so many every year in a few days' sickness, from pneumonia, called, by some, lung fever or inflammation of the lungs.

Whoever drinks no liquids at meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks the former are most pernicious; drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment; and it is excess in eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.

After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary persons after forty, should eat but twice a day, in the morning and about four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to a seven hours' interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest, for every organ without adequate rest will "give out" prematurely.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Foolscap Papers.

Relics and Curiosities.

I HAVE lately been adding a great many relics and curiosities to my already extensive collection.

The additions are extremely rare and interesting.

I have succeeded, at great expense, in getting the skull of the celebrated Indian chief, Red Jacket, which is very rare; there are but three others known to be in existence.

You will also see a Havana cigar which was entirely smoked up by the President until there was nothing left of it to throw away. I purchased it at an enormous outlay.

You will also see a veritable war-whoop of the renowned Tecumseh, with which he used to hoop up his enemies; it is ten feet long.

I have also obtained the very first poem that Shakespeare ever wrote—exceedingly fine; also the chair on which he never sat and wore it nearly out.

A piece of Demosthenes' voice found among the ruins of Athens, where he lost it and never could find it afterward.

A small piece of a big difference; this must be seen to be appreciated fully.

A quarter section of one of Napoleon Bonaparte's broken promises.

The whip with which Noah drove the first nail into the Ark—he used to say that it was the stubbornest thing that was driven into it.

The boot-jack of Cleopatra.

A small shock of the first electric battery.

The doorway of the mill in which Napoleon ground his teeth when he found that all was lost.

A very large box-full of the emptiness that lately filled the vaults of a downtown bank.

The whole of a half of a quarter of a dollar.

The little ax with which Washington didn't cut the apple tree; very historical.

A part of a piece of a Sabbath which I broke when a lad.

A bottle of sunbeams taken from the room where Milton wrote; into which they had fallen and were swept up by a broom.

A fine string of the Harp of a thousand strings, full of broken harmony, and halves of notes.

When Alexander the Great was a boy, he used to get his father's pipe and blow bubbles; it will be interesting to the world to know that I have several of them, they having been handed down, very carefully, from generation to generation.

One small bolt of lightning, containing several yards, which Franklin caught.

The pearl which Cleopatra dissolved in the wine-cup; the only true one extant.

Another interesting relic is a part of the shadow of Tamerlane, in a remarkably good state of preservation.

You will also see a double-barreled shot-gun which Hector would have given fifty dollars for at the siege of Troy, if he could have obtained it.

The chair upon which Robert Morris sat when he stood up to sign the Declaration of Independence.

One fine specimen of the measles caught by Frederick the Great, when a boy, after a hard chase.

A few strokes of the Duke of Wellington's pen; also, a few strokes of the first licking he ever got.

A sail from the poet's ship that never came in from the sea, and a crack in the wall from his castle in the air.

The armor taken from Ten knights in a Barroom.

The blade of the scythe of Time, with edge ravelled.

A few leaves from Moore's Last Rose of Summer, dried.

One of the rarest relics is a shoe which Julius Caesar ought have had when he went barefooted.

Half a dozen buttons, and the velvet collar of Richard the Third's coat-of-arms.

Two or three of the last sighs of the Moor.

The sword of Damocles.

A small piece of the mind of Socrates' wife which she gave him.

A boot made on the last of the Mohegans.

A few feet of the post mortem.

The lie which George Washington couldn't tell; the bottle of whisky which he never drank, and a good impression of his character.

I have agents out all over the world gathering up relics of great men, such as tooth-brushes, tooth picks, fine combs, boot-strips, occasionally a good coat, and sometimes a little money when they can get it, and silver spoons.

I am bound to make this collection complete, and shall do my very best to feel proud over it.

WASHINGTON WHITEBORN.

WISDOM WITHOUT INNOCENCE IS KNAVERY; innocence without wisdom is foolery; be, therefore, as wise as serpents and innocent as doves. The subtlety of the serpent instructs the innocence of the dove; the innocence of the dove corrects the subtlety of the serpent. What God has joined together let no man separate. No man is born wise, but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master. The clouds may drop down titles and estates; wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future editions.—Unpublished MSS. promptly returned only on receipt of return postage.—For such returns.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not sent, or, in all cases, our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write the bare name of a subject. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to letter and compiler, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the number or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and successful writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings only when we can use them.—Contributors must look to this column for all information regarding contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must decline, for various reasons, the following contributions, viz.: "Then and Now," the three "T's," "Kangaroo Bill," "A Chase after a Belle," "The Dredged Quack," "A Nice Young Man," "The Prize of Pain," "A Son's Mistake," "Miss Jolly's Bet," "The Lone Lone Way," "Oh, Give Me Back," "The Gambler's Revenge," "A Very Hard Boy," "The Vixen and a Merry Christmas over the Sea," "The Said Me No!" Such are returned as had stamps enclosed.

We place on the accepted list: "The Promise to the Dead," "The Three B's," "The Three B's," "The Dredged Quack," "Buried Treasures," "The Dredged Quack," "A Day in a Tree," "The Trapper's Big Shot," "A Cruise after a Belle," "Stories that Never come True," "An Old Button."

Correspondents will save both themselves and the editor much trouble by inclosing stamps for the return of rejected contributions.

B. D. B. Answered your query in a late issue.

E. F. Ho. No stamps inclosed. We do not want the sketches returned.

W. H. P. Send to D. Van Nostrand, Military Book Publisher, New York city, for his catalogue.

M. J. M. can deface or scar, or burn his national currency at his pleasure. It is no crime.

Davis. Address: Columbia College, Department of Mining and Engineering.

R. G. K. All Parker's Clerks must be good accountants and ought to be well-versed in French and Spanish. Purvey here the appointment of their own assistants.

Mechanics. Your most proper medicine is a very vegetable diet. Eat of corn meal, cracked wheat and barley porridge at least once a day and your trouble will soon pass away. If your coat was made of viscera, a liquid soap. Use very little of such stuff on the head.

Distresses. The best scalp-wash is bay rum. A thin diluted alcohol is also good. A preparation of powdered wax added to bay rum will clean the scalp. The hair, after such application, must be washed in cold water. A dry scalp is the cause of the hair falling out.

H. T. O. There is no such office as a shipplan engineer. The naval engineer corps is chief engineer; 1st, 2d and 3d assistant. All must pass through a close examination for the lowest position, and pass to the others by gradual steps. Those who do not have to pass through the U. S. Naval Academy. We would not recommend you to leave a good position for the hazards of a naval life.

Mrs. E. R. We know that the lady you name has a "large reputation," but for all that we could not be persuaded to use her stories. They are, according to our apprehension, dangerous reading for the young. When it is understood that the lady is the character of her writings her popularity will vanish.

A. P. G. asks: "What is the real value of the chronicles which the papers, religious or otherwise, offer as premiums?" About fifteen cents. We have seen many "religious and otherwise," talk of two-three-five dollars as the store value of their be-puffed "triumph of art," but the real value is about fifteen cents.

J. EDGAR C. It is only possible to "enter the navy" through the Annapolis Naval Academy. Put in your application at the Navy Department, Washington, back of the records of the Department of the Navy, and you will be sent to the Academy. The applications are many and the points few. You must be not over seventeen years of age and perfectly sound in mind, body and health.

THE DEACON. Drop a little sulphuric acid in water; then brush the tile with it and hold it by the fire until the stain "sets." This will be a permanent blot. Only be careful not to use too much of the acid.

FREDERICK. Ought not the infestings of a corner lot to be abolished? We have seen many of the beginning of stringed instruments cast away for the "necessary repairs," but for many years sheep have been used to graze on the lot, and the sheep have been the least of those accessible to market, and as the membranes of leena animals are known to be tonic and healthful, and as the sheep, in addition, the best caught has come from Naples and that vicinity.

K. T. B. John C. Heenan died of consumption, brought on by overeating, in the crowd "Tom Sawyer" for this "naïf," he died from this cause, along with a great crowd of friends and backers, January 4th, 1861. The articles for meeting between the champions of the "Bible" and "Deity" were made, and March 17 both were in active training. Seyers was underbitten, but Heenan was forced to neglect his training, and he died, April 17, 1861. The fight came off at Farnborough, Tuesday, April 17, 1861. A spectacle of thirty-three men ran out from London, laden with passengers "to Newport and back," as the place was kept a profound secret.

ABRAHAM S. The Mennonites' sect started in Holland at the beginning of the 17th century, and came to America from that of its founder, Menno Simons, from Holland. They are an orderly and industrious people, and, although possessed of some peculiarities, their actions, make excellent citizens. Among their opinions it may be mentioned that they are opposed, like other Quakers, to the sale of spirits, and to the capital punishment, and discourage, as also do the Quakers, the marriage of their members to persons who are not Mennonites.

MISS H. S. AYON. The religion of the Kaffirs is certainly not a ridiculous one, for they believe in a Supreme Being and a future state, where the good will be rewarded and the wicked punished; but they also believe in world and no beginning and will have no end.

J. MORRIS. The cultivation of poppies is fatal to all bees in the vicinity of the poppy-fields, for those industrious little winged workers are so fascinated with the flowers as to neglect their duties, lay up no honey and perish. Rats are also fond of inhaling the fumes of the poppy when it is being boiled to make into opium.

L. K. In the census statistics the occupations of men are named under seventy-two heads, "domestic servants" next; then "seamstresses," and next "school-teachers." A large number of these, who are seamstresses, dress-makers, authors, and nurses, then come a hundred thousand women, five steam-boat makers, four bell-founders, two hunters and trappers, with a few teachers, miners, charcoal-burners and mechanics. Why do we say the women of our land are not useful co-laborers in the work of men?

OFFICE BOY. Germany boasts of a double postal-card that is reciprocally scribbled on a square upon the card, handed to him, hands it, redirected, to the postman, and it returns to the first sender free of extra charge.

DONALD D. Vail-plins of Roman gold, cunningly wrought into the shape of the last word read, the word "die," and umbrellas folded and buckled, are very fashionable; also jet and vulcanite, in various shapes and designs, are much worn.

STAN-GONZ. Raciel died of consumption, on the 14 of January, 1868, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, and was buried in the Israelite division of the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, Paris.

MARY MERRA. It is often supposed by persons unacquainted with gardening, if you plant the seed of a fruit-tree, you will obtain a similar fruit; but such is not the case, as experience shows that you can plant the seed of a plum, and the tree will bear apples; it bears the fruit of the soil and dry, the skin scarcely covering the pit. The only remedy is grafting or budding, for by this process the blackberry can be made to bear Montmorency cherries, prunes, apricots, and even peaches.

S. R. P. The Mount Cenis railway was formally opened September 17th, 1871. It is eight miles long and rises on the French side from 3,965 feet, to 10,000 feet above the sea, and on the Italian side its slope is 4,331 feet above the sea.

JOHN HAMILIN. Pepper was introduced into this country only a century ago, as was also the name and the clove. The individuals who introduced it, were from Asia to America, bore the name of Poyry. Pepper is the French name for pepper, and many suppose it gave its own name to the word.

LATVADY. The most celebrated mosaic manufacture in the world is within the Vatican Palace. Roman mosaic is formed of tiny bits of opaque-colored glass of various hues, amounting to the almost incredible number of 30,000 distinct shades. They are arranged so as to form pictures perfect in every detail. The various pieces of glass are placed in order upon many thousand pieces of stone, cement, there being often many thousand pieces in one picture, and the surface, after the cement hardens, is smoothed and polished.

HOUSEWIFE. Common Soda will be found an excellent article for cleaning towels. Wet a cloth and dip it in the soda, and rub the ware briskly, after which dip it in water, and wring it out. It can be made to look like new by so cleaning.

MAUD MURRAY. Your white curtains can readily be stained a beautiful rose-color, by magenta dissolved in water; a shilling's worth of magenta powder, if well mixed with a pint of water, will color a pair of white curtains that fade it can be easily renewed by a second wash in the solution.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

contemplation of the act, Mrs. Richland's stately head rested back against the chair, and then and there under the doctor's very eyes she quietly fainted.

CHAPTER XXII

EIGHTEEN YEARS BEFORE.

CAPTAIN LEIGH BERNHAM was walking his floor with a rapid, regular stride, that steered bronze face telling little, though there was a quiver at times and an unusual paleness hidden under the heavy grizzled mustache, his eyes fixed on the straight space before him, steadfast and inscrutable to a degree which might have rivaled Mrs. Richland's own. Captain Leigh Bernham's strong, contained mind had grasped a refrain which was repeating itself under the disconnected jarring chords of thought that were "less a melody than pain" with him at that hour of that particular morning. That incredible surprise of the previous night was thrilling him with something harder to bear than simple unbelief.

"Never dead and never buried seventeen years ago," sounded that refrain in the captain's mind—"alive, alive!"

And above it—"Another man's wife—oh, Rose! oh, Rose! Dead to me, and it would be less pain to know that the grass was growing green and flowers blooming over your head—oh, Rose! And she could see me and know me with those cold, unseeing eyes. What did she think of the change, I wonder, and how much of it will she take home to her own proud, unrelenting heart? Whatever my faults and follies then, whatever my long loneliness and my long mourning since, I always cherished her first and loved her best above all the world. I would have been true to her memory forever, and she is alive and another man's wife."

He paused at a turn before a square inclined mirror which reflected back his bronzed face and gloomy, stern eyes and soldierly figure—paused and put up his hand to run it through the close, nut-brown hair, just tinged here and there by silvery threads. The beard, more ruddily brown, with more silver streaks, and the firm mouth, the bronze gathered from long years' exposure to wind and sun and storm, a different face from one which came up as having looked back from his mirror, something more than seventeen years before.

"Little wonder if she had not recognized me," he thought, "but Rose is not one to forget. What was that she said when we spoke of this once? It was when I gave her a picture of myself and got her promise of this one of hers which I have worn through all the years since—foolish, sentimental times those, and to think how I have led to them. I asked her would she love me after I came back when the face grew old and seemed and the hair silvered, and she said—I remember her very words—she said:

"Through all time and all eternity the very same, Ray—calling me by that name. The dear face itself can never change for me. If any impossible thing should separate us for years and years, and if you should come back to me wrinkled and gray, as you said just now, the eyes of love would not be deceived. I should surely know you and love you all the same, Ray."

"Any impossible thing! Ah, poor girl! She could have no idea how very soon the most probable expectation I had in view should part us; and I, pitiful young fool! had trusted to her love to follow me to the end of the world, if need be. Heaven pity me! my great disappointment in her love found wanting came and was over seventeen years and more ago. I could not hold myself blameless through my too much love for her, and she never forgave me the deception. I play myself yet as I think of the time when the word came that she was dead. Dead! my little Rose dead! All my faith in Heaven and earth would have been shaken first had any one whispered this—that I should find her living and have sooner known her dead! And yet, poor Rose! not for any temptation in life would I breathe one word to injure you now. But the child—our child—whom you deserted for seventeen years, whose existence I did not even suspect, she is mine; not even you can claim so good a right."

He turned and fell to walking the floor again, a deep corrugation coming into his forehead, a trick of expression which repeated in Wilma. His thoughts had gone to her, the child of the brief, bright romance of his youthful, foolish days, the little daughter whose existence he had not known until these later days.

"Little Wilma! I know I frightened her, but so near, with her sweet, shy face just discernible through the dusk, I could not resist taking her in my arms and giving her a father's first caress. Poor little thing! at least I shall make her life happier than it was before."

Some one knocked. Captain Bernham paused and gave a brush of his hand over his heavy mustache. Pallor and quiver which had been there changed to the usual close setting of the firmly-chiseled lips.

"Come in," said the captain, and Lenoir answered the invitation.

It was nearly noon of a clear, cool November day. A brisk walk through the bracing air had brought a flush into the young man's cheeks, and an added brightness to his fine dark eyes, yet for all that he was thin and worn even to a casual observer. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says some wiseacre, and Justin Lenoir seemed to have taken it in hand to verify the maxim in as short a time as the process of wearing out could well be consummated. His was not a vigorous constitution at the best. Those long nights of incessant duty upon both mental resources and physical endurance, the hours required by his editorial duties, supplemented by other hours of brain labor lasting habitually into the breaking dawn, and often until the sun was high up and busy traffic begun in the streets—all following this restless American impulse of ours which has no mercy upon health or life or any thing except the iron endurance that can stand firm in its own place and be beaten and jostled on all sides, and take no impression from the wear and tear of the multitude about—but it all told upon Lenoir. Possibly his own reflection that the result would be the same, whatever use he made of the time, was in part correct. More than overwork was proving a source of unrest to Justin Lenoir, but who ever knew a restless mind to be put at ease by the extra efforts of a restless body?

"I came immediately upon receipt of your note," Lenoir said, dropping into the seat Bernham placed for him. "My landlady did not disturb me until my usual going out hour. You know the reprehensible habit to which newspaper men are necessarily addicted, of turning night into day, and vice versa, and that must pardon my delay."

"I dare say I took a liberty in addressing you at all, but I trust to your accommodating spirit not to think it such," said the captain, frankly. "Are you at liberty now, Lenoir? Can I claim you for a half-hour or so without interfering with duties of your own?"

"Quite at liberty, and happy to place myself at your service," Lenoir answered.

"And I want to claim a service of you. I

think you are acquainted with an influential family here—the Richlands. Yes, I remember you had come from there, the other night, when I met you first. A very short acquaintance it has been to warrant this offering of my confidence and trust upon your kindness. If you have any delicacy in regard to acting for me, my dear fellow, don't hesitate to say it after I have told you how my case stands. There is a young lady staying with the Richlands—Miss Wilma Wilde. Have you met her?"

"Frequently. I had the liberty of the house through the kindness of its master—of the library more properly—a short time since, and became quite well acquainted with Miss Wilde in my daily comings and goings."

"She is made quite one of the family, then?"

"Yes, and is well worthy the distinction. Such a peculiar, sensitive, childlike, trustful yet pathetic face, I never saw anywhere else, and the face is the clear mirror of a pure soul. They all think and make much of her. An artist friend of mine, Laitner, has done little but rave of her since our last evening there. He wants to paint Wilma as Cinderella, and as Laitner is not to leave his way in all things, he may hand Wilma down to fame in that guise yet."

The concealed lines about the captain's lips had softened during the first part of the other's speech, only for an instant, and then were firm as before.

"Cinderella must have more lasting assurance of more real pleasure," he said, quietly. "You can imagine how gratified I am at hearing you express yourself so favorably, how truly happy I am in announcing myself Wilma's father. Certainly an abrupt and unexpected announcement. Lenoir looked the surprise it had given him."

"It was a matter of astonishment even to me," the captain continued, answering the look. "It is less than a fortnight since I discovered that I had a daughter, and only yesterday that I traced her whereabouts. Will you smoke and listen to a rough sketch of my story, Lenoir? My pipe has been my solace for so long that it is inseparable as a companion now."

He pushed a case of Havana across to Lenoir, but took down a beautifully colored meerschaum for himself, filling it leisurely from that heavy silver tobacco-box which had arrested Dr. Craven Dallas' covetous eye.

Lenoir lit his cigar and settled back to listen with unmistakable interest awakened. The captain drew some slow whiffs, watching the misty blue rings curl about his head and drift off in almost imperceptible clouds.

"Something near eighteen years ago," he began, in that same quiet tone he had used, "I was a military student, free for an interval, with an appointment to a commission and active service under discussion. I was passing the interval in the city here and scouring the country roads in shooting costume and hunting equipments, with very indifferent success. I had the misfortune to bring down some staid old body's pet pigeon one day, and somebody's companion, who was in some way responsible for the bird being beyond the limit of its regular haunts, was in great trepidation over the accident. I can say, after all this time and after seeing women from all parts of the globe, that the companion was the loveliest creature sun ever shone upon; nearer perfection than any thing my impulsive young imagination had ever pictured, or that I have met with in all of my experience. Seeing her shrinking, I volunteered, as was my duty, to explain the affair to whoever it might concern, take all the blame upon myself, where it belonged, and consequently free her from any reproach she may have feared. Her employer turned out to be a very exact old lady with a stern manner, but I am sure, a kind heart. I managed to come out of the affair, which promised a disturbance, with colors flying and all honors attached."

"That was the beginning, and the end was I married the pretty companion a fortnight after my first meeting with her. I can see why you think that it was a marry in haste to repent at leisure, but my life with my head clear as it is to-day, with the same run of circumstances to impel but lacking the knowledge of what was to come later, I should have surely married Rose as then."

"Rose!" spoke Lenoir, quickly. "Then the lovely Rose of your miniature was the one you married, Captain Bernham?"

"That was Rose." There was the slightest disturbed inflection in the captain's tone; it had been a slip of his, mentioning the name at all. "You may wonder less at my infatuation now. I married Rose in secret and under an assumed name. There were family reasons for that. You know where family pride will run sometimes, and I can assure you that the stiffest, most unbending and unreasonable old families that branch over Maryland to-day—a wild, reckless, rash-minded set of men we have been from first to last, I say as well say at once. Of our branch there were left at that time only my brother and myself—my twin-brother he was—both worthy representatives of our race gone before; and an old grandfather, who was stiffer and prouder and rasher and more unreasonable than both of us young bloods taken together, and of whom we stood in wholesome awe to this day, at least whatever lawlessness we may have been guilty of behind his back and in defiance of his strict prohibitions. His influence had put us at the military school and insured us our commissions later. In his eyes we were young vandals, both of us, never taken into any very especial favoritism, though it was generally understood that one or the other should inherit after him. Some disinterested person once broached his leaving it to us jointly, but he was stiff-necked in his intention. There should be no division of the property. It should go to the one who proved himself most worthy, which meant with my grandfather the one who 'chanced to be in best favor at the latest moment. Poor old gentleman! He had lived a high life, and near the close of it got a fever for speculation and barely escaped a pauper's grave at last. But all that was long afterward, and at the time a slight coolness had come up between my brother Ray and myself regarding this very chance of inheritance. The question of who shall be heir has made worse breaches between us close friends, but Ray and I were never what we might have been to each other because of that. We were doing each other the worst of injustice in those days, though we never discovered it until too late to remedy, long years of estrangement lying between. While I was in the city here, galloping over the country roads, or making the best of stolen opportunities with Rose, it was not very well known where my brother was passing his time. Among various reports one had come to me that he was not so far distant as I might suppose, and a whisper came with it that he was keeping a surveillance over my actions, hoping to discover a flaw which might cut short my chances and at the same time advance his own of succeeding our grandfather. It was made plausible by my meeting him in the street one evening, but, before a chance to accost him was given, he plunged in a crowd and eluded me, doubtless thinking I would persuade myself I had been mistaken in the recognition. Believing the worst, I set myself to outwit him and hold my

own chance equally at least. I married Rose as Raymond Leigh and was guilty of one other piece of deception toward her. I told her nothing of my own uncertain prospects; I permitted her to believe that my release from the military academy was a final release from all accompanying regulations. I did not dare to put before her the probability of barracks life on the frontier as the wife of a petty officer, though I believed firmly she would follow me there when the time came that I should ask it of her. I never believed she would let me go alone when she was once my wife. Hers had been a sad childhood, as she told me the story. She was the only child of a morbid, disappointed man. I learned afterward that his whole life had changed when his young wife—the mother of my Rose—deserted him and her little child for an early lover from whom his own duplicity had served to separate her. He had always seemed to visit the sin of the mother upon the child; he had been harsh and cold to her, and my poor little Rose had come up a lonely, sad-hearted girl, with scarcely a bright spot in her life until an eccentric old lady of the neighborhood saw and took a fancy to her, and succeeded in securing her in the capacity of a young companion."

"We were happy, for a little time, as only young fools can be. Only one little cloud had risen against our bright sky, and that a fleeting one. Rose had driven into the city with her employer, and when I saw her again, taxed me with having passed her unnoticed in the company of a lady, a young girl and very beautiful, she said, comprehending her mistake in a moment. She had seen my brother—we were very much alike—and at the short distance she had not distinguished the difference. I had never spoken to Rose regarding our family, and I passed over the occurrence without an explanation now. She had no distrust of me and my simple assurance was all needed to restore her perfect faith. After that I rented a little place still further out of the city, where Rose and I passed a few such blissfully happy weeks that it is like an exquisite pain now to look back at them. A lingering, delicious time, perfect but for the thrill of one little discord, which came at such my consciousness of how soon it might all be abruptly ended. The end came, a shock even to me who had been expecting it. I got my commission and orders to join my division at the front in one letter. I went back with it in my pocket, with a cowardly sinking at my heart and a sense of guilt upon me now that there was no help for breaking the truth to Rose."

"She met me—my wife who had parted from me loving so few hours before—frozen like a statue and as hard, but with one burst of fierce reproach greeting me."

"I have discovered all of your deception!" she said, with her eyes flaming in her white face. "I am convinced, and yet I have refused to believe the truth until I have it from your own lips. If you have one word to say in your own self-defense, say it now."

"As she spoke, there moved forward a step from the shadow at her back a shape which I had not seen before, a tall, gaunt old man, from whom Rose shrunk even then and half put out her hands to me. I heard her cry:

"Oh, Ray, Ray! tell me it is not true!" but he stopped her and silenced me when I would have spoken."

"You have grossly deceived and misled my daughter," he said. "For that you are answerable to me. If you have any explanation to make, or one extenuation to plead, I am willing to hear you. My daughter goes with me now, and I will meet you—or, better perhaps—you can write me to this address anything you may wish to say." He thrust a card into my hand, but I dropped it and, springing forward, with my hands clutching my wife's mantle detaining her. I only realized that she was leaving, that I was losing her through my own secrecy and deceit. Something like a flash went over her pale, cold face at the sight of mine, and she stopped, resisting her father's efforts to draw her away."

"It is not true, Ray?" she breathed.

"I could only drop my head in shame, and exclaim, brokenly:

"Forgive me, Rose! I loved you so I dared not risk the chance of losing you. I saw her grow hard and white and old again. I remember what a wild sweep of despair went over me; that I tried to drag her away forcibly, that I pleaded for myself with all the words I could master, but she would not listen. She put up her hand. The gesture and the blaze of her eyes silenced me."

"I never can forgive you—never!" she said. Then, turning to her father—Take me away, quick!"

"I fell back, and they were gone in a moment. I was staggered, incapable of action for the while. The full sense of my misery came upon me in the middle of darkness, the emptiness of desolation all about in the little house where my dearest happiness had been. The stupor which had been upon me seemed to burst and fall away all in a moment. I staggered to my feet and found a light, and stood looking about at the familiar things, not one of which was not associated with her presence. It dawned upon me in a vague way that it was all unreal, that it was a great mistake which would be cleared away soon; that I had been guilty of a great error, and I could cast me off for that. I picked up the card from where it had fallen and turned it in my hand. If I could go to her—but there I thought of her gesture, her look of mingled anger and despair and scorn, as she had declared—'I never can forgive you—never!'"

"A clock, striking somewhere within sound, warned me. It was almost morning, and I must be off upon my journey before noon. There was no time to see her had I not, coward-like, shrunk from the ordeal. I sat down and scrawled a few hasty lines. I begged her if there had been any mistake, my misunderstanding, any supposition of greater wrong on my part than this deception, which I confessed, that she should come to me there, or send me at least one word of forgiveness or assurance of love. I went out in the breaking dawn and dispatched it by the first messenger I found. No answer came. I grew calmer as I waited, and in my last hour at the house I wrote again, detailing my own fault at length and imploring my wife, if she could pardon the offender for the sake of the motive urging me to join her, to join me at a junction by the way. I wrote again when I was really on the way, again and again after I reached my post. I never received one word or token from Rose, but after six months there came a line in an upright, crabbed, unknown hand and signed with her father's name. Rose was dead—dead without forgiving me."

The slight nervous tremor and the pallor had come back to Captain Leigh Bernham's lips. Except that he sat unchanged, upright, bronzed and self-contained, an admirable example of that stern discipline may effect."

"Pardon me," said Lenoir, softly. "I can not think you had cause for such self-reproach, however deeply you might sorrow. Your offense was so slight that a woman's true love should have easily covered it."

"I am not sure now that it was so represented to her. Only a week or so ago I came into possession of a little box which had belonged

to Rose, one I had given her, and in which she kept the old lover's notes I had smuggled to her. They were there still, and with them my own later letters with unbroken seals. Whether she got them or not, it is certain that Rose never read those pleadings and explanations of mine. That is the story, and I don't know now why I should have told it to you. It has scarcely a bearing on what I have to ask of you. No word was sent to me of the little daughter Rose until accident discovered it to me. I can bring forward a witness to declare that Wilma is the child of my dead wife, and I shall surely claim her as mine. I wanted to ask you to break the facts of the case to the Richlands. Can I presume that far on your friendship, Lenoir?"

"For much more than that, I hope, Captain Bernham. In any way I may be able to serve you."

Lenoir answered unhesitatingly though not without an inward twinge. He had meant to keep aloof from Ethel, in thought as well as reality, so far as might be possible. He had thought that he might not see her again, or for no more than the briefest moment of parting when her hand should touch his, her sweet face surrounded by its glory of bright hair look up at him, her voice murmur a simple farewell, meaning little to her, but another audience added to the song of his life.

The captain emptied the dead ashes from his pipe, turning his face from the other's direct view.

"There is a trifle more. I have a fancy I should like you to witness the offering up of my sacrifice. Some papers concerning this story I have told you, Rose's letters and my own; I don't imagine any Phoenix will rise from their ashes. A little weakness has induced me to keep them this long."

He stirred the coals in the grate until they blazed, then put his hands to an inner breast-pocket of the coat he wore. It stood there, and Captain Bernham's face really and perceptibly changed at last. It was startled and ghastly in its sudden alarm.

A certain pocket-book to which he had transferred those papers for the purpose of having them always upon his own person, had completely and recently disappeared.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 194.)

RED ARROW.

THE WOLF DEMON;

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KID," "RED MARKETS," "AGE OF SPADERS," "HEART OF PHIL," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE VENGEANCE OF THE RENEGADE.

ALL was bustle in the Indian village, for word had gone forth to make ready for the war-path! Gayly the braves donned the war-paint, and sharpened the scalping-knives and glistening tomahawks.

Girty had been summoned to the lodge of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The great chief of the Shawnee nation, smarting over his failure to destroy the dreaded Wolf Demon, panted eagerly for the opportunity to lead his warriors against the pale-faces.

Girty recounted to the chief all that he had learned regarding the strength of the settlers—knowledge that he had gained in his recent scout to the other side of the Ohio.

The chief listened with a gloomy brow. His plan to surprise the whites had failed.

"Since we can not creep upon them like the fox, our attack shall be like the swoop of the eagle," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, at length.

"The chief will attack Point Pleasant first?" Girty asked.

"Yes; we will cross the Ohio above the pale-face lodges; then my warriors shall form a circle around the long-knives, reaching from river to river. The circle shall be a line of fire, breathing death to the pale-face that dares to attempt to cross it."

"And the expedition will move to-night?"

"Yes; I have dispatched my fleetest runners to my brothers, the Wyandots and the Mingoes, telling them that the war-hatchet is dug up, and that, like the storm-cloud, the red-men are about to burst in arrows of fire upon the pale-faces, and drive them from the land that the Great Spirit gave to the Indian."

"I will prepare at once for the expedition," Girty said, in savage glee, his soul glowing over the prospect of slaughter. Then he withdrew from the wigwam.

As Girty proceeded in the direction of his own lodge he met Kendrick.

"Blood ahead, hey?" Kendrick said, as they met.

"Yes; to-night we take up the line of march."

"And where are you going now?"

"To see my captive."

"What are you going to do with the gal?"

"Make her my prey," Girty said, and a look of savage triumph came over his dark face as he spoke.

"That's your vengeance, hey?"

"Yes. What wrong can rankle more keenly in the breast of General Treveling than the knowledge that his cherished daughter is my slave, the creature of my will?" said Girty, fiercely.

"You're a good later," Kendrick said, with a grin.

"Yes, or my hate would not have lasted all these years. Why, man, I hate this Treveling as bitterly now as I did years ago when the lashes cut into my back. I swore once that I would have his life, but that is poor and paltry vengeance compared to that I have heaped upon his head. First I stole his eldest daughter—then a child—and left her to perish in the forest, and now I have taken his other daughter from him. The second blow is worse than the first, for death is far better than the fate that is in store for Virginia."

"I s'pose you'll let him know in some way of what you've done?" Kendrick said.

"He already knows that the death of his eldest daughter lies at my door; knows, too, that I have carried off this one, but he does not yet know the fate that I have marked out for her," Girty replied.

For a moment Kendrick was silent; then he suddenly broke into a loud laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Girty, in astonishment.

"You've fixed this matter out all straight, haven't you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"S'pose a bullet from one of the settlers' long rifles should interfere with this hyer cunning plan, hey?"

"The bullet is not yet run that is to kill me," rejoined Girty, sternly.

"Not a word, hey?"

"Not a word."

"Got a big medicine, as the Indians say?"

"I do not fear death; that is my 'medicine,'" Girty replied, carelessly.

"Well, I wish I was as sure of not going un-

der as you are," Kendrick observed, with a grin.

"By the way, where is your daughter?" Girty asked.

"Inside the wigwam with the little gal," Kendrick answered.

"I think I'll visit the girl and let her know the fate that is in store for her."

"You'll find my gal inside," Kendrick said. "I'll be out in a few minutes; wait for me."

Then Girty entered the wigwam that held Virginia a prisoner.

As Kendrick had said, Kate was there in attendance on the captive.

"Leave us for a little while, girl; I want to speak to the lady alone," Girty said.

Without a word, Kate left the wigwam. Captor and captive were face to face.

The loathing that swelled in the heart of the girl was plainly visible in her face as she looked upon the man who had betrayed her into the hands of the savages.

"Do you know who I am, girl?" Girty asked.

"You are Girty, the renegade," Virginia answered calmly, though every vein was throbbing with indignation.

"You are right. I am Girty, and the settlers call me the renegade."

"Yet I can hardly believe that you are that dreadful man."

"Why not?"

"Because you have the face of a human, and his should be the face of a wolf."

Girty scowled, emphatically, at the words.

"Keep your tongue within bounds, or it may be the worse for you. Do you know where you are?"

"Yes, a prisoner in your hands," Virginia answered, with a look of settled despair.

"Do you know what your fate is going to be?"

"Death by some dreadful torture, I suppose."

"No, your guess is wrong; you are not fated to die yet. Were you the captive of the Shawnees it is probable that you would die at the torture-stake; but you are my prisoner; no red braves hold your fate in his hands."

"If report speaks true, I am the prisoner, then, of a man whose nature is more cruel than that of the Indian," said Virginia, with spirit.

"I am merciless to those that brave my anger," retorted Girty, with a lowering frown.

"And how have I ever wronged you?" asked Virginia, in wonder.

"You have never wronged me."

"Why then have you torn me from home and friends?"

"You are the daughter of General Treveling."

"Yes."

"I hate your father. Through you I strike at him. You are dearer to him than even life itself. A blow dealt at you also wounds him. That is the reason why I have lured you from the settlement." Pierce was the tone in which Girty uttered the words, and a demon look of triumph gleamed in his dark eyes.

Virginia listened in wonder. She had often heard her father speak of the renegade, but always as a stranger.

"How has my father ever injured you?" she asked.

"How?" demanded Girty, in rising wrath. "The cut of his lash has scarred my back. It happened long years ago, but the memory is as fresh in my brain as though it were but yesterday. I swore a bitter oath of vengeance. Years have come and gone, but at last I strike, and the blow must reach him through you."

"This is a manly vengeance!" exclaimed Virginia, while her lip curled in scorn.

"If my father has wronged you, why not seek him? why select a helpless woman as your victim? Is it because you are too cowardly to face my father?"

"Tant on! you will repent these words in scalding tears ere long," said Girty, calmly.

"They speak truth in the settlement when they say that you are like the wolf, both cruel and cowardly."

"And before another week is gone, they will say, too, that like the wolf, I love blood, for I will have rivers of it!" cried Girty, savagely.

Virginia's heart sunk within her as she looked upon the angry face of the renegade.

"And now your fate; can you guess what it is to be?" he asked.

"No," Virginia answered.

"You're to be mine—my slave. This is the vengeance that will scar your father's heart and make him curse the hour when he dared to wrong me!" Triumph swelled in the voice of the renegade as he spoke.

Virginia—hapless maid—felt that she was lost indeed.

"Oh! why can I not die at once!" she murmured, in despair.

The renegade gazed upon his victim with a smile.

"First my vengeance, and then death can come to you as soon as fate pleases. It will be rare joy for me to tell your father of the shame that has come upon you. It is almost worth waiting for all these years."

"You are a wolf, indeed," Virginia murmured, slowly.

"And who has made me so?" demanded the renegade, fiercely. "Your father! His act drove me from the white cabins to the wigwam of the savage; made me an outcast from my race; a white Indian. May the lightning of the Eternal strike me dead if I ever forget or forgive the injury that he has done me. Even now—after all these years—the memory of my wrong is as fresh in my brain as though it happened but yesterday."

In a torrent of passion came the words from the lips of the angry man.

Virginia shuddered at his manner.

"You have no pity!" she cried.

"Pity? No!" he said, with fierce accent. "Can pity dwell in the heart of the wolf? Your father has made me what I now am. Let him blame himself if the wolf he has created rends his child."

"I am entirely lost," Virginia murmured, faintly.

"And now I go to take the war-path against the settlement—to crimson with blood the waters of the Ohio. I will give to the flames the cabins of the whites; the smoke of the burning dwellings shall mark my course and attest my vengeance. When I return, there—Well, my revenge will be made complete. Let no vain thought of escape cross your mind. I shall leave you doubly guarded. There is no power on this earth that can save you from me. Prepare, then, to meet your fate with resignation. For the present, farewell."

Then the miscreant left the lodge.

CHAPTER XXXII

A STRANGE STORY.

In a tangled mass of bushes, near to the hollow oak that the three scouts had selected as a meeting-place, Boone and Kenton lay concealed.

They were waiting for the return of Lark. "Strange, what can keep him!" muttered Boone, impatiently.

"Haven't you seen him at all?" Kenton asked.

"No, not since we parted."

"It must be past twelve."

"Perhaps he's been captured by the red heathens," Boone suggested.

"No, not since we parted."

"It must be past twelve."

"Perhaps he's been captured by the red heathens," Boone suggested.

BLODGINS, HIS MOUTH.

BY TOM JOT, JR.

It was a matter of much thought
To tell where it began;
It was too large a mouth to be
Upon so small a man.
And were he coming up the road
Far in the distance dim,
You'd see his mouth an hour before
You'd catch a glimpse of him.
Nature's sublime economy
It showed without a doubt,
For vast material was saved
By leaving that much out.
'Tis said by those who knew him well
That from the very first
He always used the largest words
Whenever he conversed.
And when he had to pay a pawn
With just one kiss, no more,
The fair young damsel would complain
That each one counted four.
While for vain-glorious forms of speech
He did not care a fig;
'Tis said because his mouth was large
He always talked quite big.
By men quite competent to know,
It has been truly said
His mouth could never grow unless
They did enlarge his head.
I've often heard of men who could
Speak volumes, but I'm sure
I never saw such facilities
For doing that before.
He had an alligator laugh;
And when he went to smile
He'd show his teeth as white
Three-quarters of a mile.
But, one day Blodgins disappeared;
'Twas thought he had gone south;
But I stand ready to believe
He crawled into his mouth.

Strange Stories.
A GAME WITH ST. PETER.
A STORY OF FAMOUS CLAUDE DUVAL.

BY AGILE PENNE.

THE time, a bright August morning in the year 1678; the place, a sheltered nook 'twixt two huge oaks, by the high-road leading from Bedford to Northampton, in Merrie England, the huge oak trees known far and wide as the twin sisters; the man, a tall, well-knit fellow, dressed in a ragged suit of black, and seated upon a stone. Before him was a second stone which served as a table.

The man was deeply occupied. His hat was cast carelessly upon the ground, the shirt at his neck was undone, and his handsome face, which belied French blood, was strongly marked with the lines of care.

In his hand he held a dice-box, and he was most earnestly engaged in play; the right hand against the left, apparently.

The dice rattled within the box.

"Now then," cried the gambler, "one more throw. I'll lay three ten crowns upon the cast. Play fair! no palming, if thou lovest me! The dice, I'll swear, are not loaded, but good true cubes of ivory. Now!"

Ont rolled the dice upon the stone.

"Ten!" cried the man, his tone one of triumph. "Alas! I'll lay thee another wager of ten crowns to five that thou canst not beat that cast! Is it a bargain? Yes? go on then. If the Doctrine of Probabilities, which has received the sanction of our king, be correct, there are just eleven chances to one that the throw will not be beat."

The left hand placed the dice within the box, shook them up vigorously and rolled them out upon the dice table.

"Eleven!" cried the man, in horror. "Oh, Saint Bridget! did ever mortal man see such luck? Faith! if this goes on much longer, I shall not have enough left to buy a rope to hang myself with, out of all my father left. But come, another try! Luck can't not always run in one direction."

Then the right hand picked up the dice, placed them in the box and rattled them up and down.

And as the stranger, cursing his luck and calling upon all the saints in the calendar to aid him, was shaking the box in a most furious manner, along the highway came a little withered-looking old man. He was dressed even worse than the tattered gambler, who was swearing to himself in so outrageous a manner.

As the stranger approached, the man seated beneath the oaks attracted his attention, and he listened to his many oaths in wonder.

So intent was the gambler in cursing the dice, himself and all else in the world, that he did not hear the footsteps of the stranger. See him he could not, for his back was toward him.

"Now then, I'll play no more unless my luck changes!" the dice cried. "Ten crowns I'll put upon this cast, and may Satan seize the dice if they do not win for me!"

Down came the box, out rolled the dice, a four and a three.

"Seven!" howled the gambler, in disgust. "Oh, Saint Denis! what a throw that is!"

The little old man, who had been watching the stranger in utter astonishment, had looked first to the right and then to the left, in order to discover with whom the gambler was playing, but no mortal soul save he and the dice stood within sight.

The little man crept a step nearer and peered over the shoulder of the gambler, as though he expected to see the stranger's adversary stretched upon the ground, upon the other side of the stone, which, for the nonce, had been transformed into a gaming-table.

The noise of his tread attracted the attention of the gambler, and he roused himself from his despair and looked around. When his eyes fell upon the stranger, he cried aloud in joy.

"Welcome, good man!" he exclaimed; "you have come in time. Here have I lost a matter of nearly five guineas, and I have grave doubts whether I have been fairly dealt with. If there has been cogging or palming in the game, the wagers are off and I'll pay a single crown. The dice are fair; I purchased them myself."

"But with whom do you play?" asked the old man, in wonder.

"With Saint Peter!" echoed the old man.

"Yes; he, you know, that keeps the gate to Paradise; and though I own that it would go against my heart to charge so worthy a gentleman with using trick and unfair device, like a Captain Sharp at a fair plucking a 'pigeon,' yet else, Satan himself must be in the dice for me to lose so constantly and steadily."

All this the stranger said with a grave face and an earnest air, yet there was a peculiar twitching about the eyes which impressed the old man with the belief that the gambler's reason was unsound.

"But I do not understand it at all," the little old man said, timidly. "How is it possible that you can play at dice with a saint?"

"Easy enough," replied the gambler, scornfully. "After my father died and I was left alone to me in a dream, and a jolly fellow he was, too. He told me that the world had become so bad that few troubled him to open the gates of Paradise, and that he wanted some agreeable occupation to enable him to pass the time away. And after more words he challenged me to come every pleasant morning to

the Twin Sisters, and play at dice for five hours or so. Willing to oblige, and thinking possibly when my time came to tap at Saint Peter's gates, it would be as well to have a friend at court, I consented, but so deep in play have we got, that it is common with us to throw dice from sunrise to sunset. Now, we are right in the middle of a main. See, my right hand—there throws for me—has turned up seven, and there is ten crowns staked upon the cast. Now, my left hand will play for the saint, and since, in the last cast, he threw eleven to my ten, it is safe to wager that he will more than equal my throw now. I have it!" cried the gambler, suddenly, "I will wager the twenty crowns to ten that the saint will win; so, I shall get my money back."

"Nay," replied the little old man, in evident alarm, "I have no money, and if I had, I would not venture crowns upon such an uncertain issue."

"At all events thou shalt see that the saint deals fairly with me and dost not cheat me out of my rights," grumbled the gambler.

"I will do that willingly enough," said the old man, amused at the conceit of the madman, for such he thought the dicer.

"Two wax candles to our Lady if I win the cast!" cried the gambler, as he rolled the dice out upon the stone.

But it was evident that Saint Peter had more influence at the court of Dame Fortune than the patron to whom the gambler had appealed, for the cubes counted up twelve for the saint.

"These are Satan's own bones!" cried the gambler, in a rage. "See! they give Saint Peter twelve when he needed but eight to win the stake."

"Luck does run against you," remarked the old man, in sympathy.

"Never spoke you truer word!" said the dicer, sadly.

"I have lost five guineas since I came to play this morning."

"But the saint will not press you for payment," suggested the old man.

"A debt of honor should be paid at once!"

"But how can you pay Saint Peter?"

"Why, he always sends his messengers to receive some poor soul who needs the money." Then the gambler surveyed the little old man. "And now I look at you, I nothing doubt that Saint Peter has sent you to receive the money. Here are the five guineas; take them and begone. And hark ye," the gambler added, as the old man clutched the money and began to hobble onward, "pass this way this afternoon or to-morrow, perchance I may have more for you."

The gambler then returned to his dice, and the old man went on his way.

No longer, though, was the ragged old man, Simon Wedgwick, by name, and chief agent to the Bishop of Bedford. He was now on his way to collect the rents due to his master, and had dressed himself in rags that he might not excite suspicion and be robbed on the way.

The rents collected, master Simon hurried home, and came again to the Twin Sisters. He thought another five guineas might not come amiss from the mad gambler.

"Double or quits, and the stake is mine!" quoth the gambler, as Simon approached him.

"How goes the game?" asked Simon.

"Bravely!" cried the gambler. "Saint Peter owes me a round thousand pounds!"

"He'll not be apt to pay thee!" Simon suggested.

"Oh, yes, he will; has he not sent me thee, his banker, the agent of his grace of Bedford, to hand over the rents you have collected to-day, and Saint Peter and I are quits."

Too late, worthy Simon saw the snare. No help thought he. She missed the money paid, and the mad dicer, with gay Claude Duval, the noted highwayman, was so much the richer for his shrewd scheme.

Miss Leighton's Pride.
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

IT was Christmas morning.

The snow had fallen in the night and lay like a white garment over tree and house-top, and shut out the grim and griminess of the streets from the gaze. It was as if the world had put on new and spotless robes to celebrate the birthday of the Saviour.

Miss Leighton stood at the window of her stately mansion and looked out.

Sleighs were beginning to pass up and down the streets, laden with merry maids and women and children. The jingle of sleigh-bells filled the air with gay, glad music. Happy faces passed before Miss Leighton's gaze as she looked out from the folds of lace which shimmered in the keen, clear sunlight of the winter morning like frost.

"How happy everybody looks this morning," she said. "Everybody but me. I must keep my Christmas alone."

With all the splendor of which she was mistress, Rachel Leighton was poor as a peacock ought to be. She missed from her life that love and friendship which constitutes true wealth. She looked about her on this Christmas morning, as she turned away from the window, and sighed. The floor was covered with a carpet whose softness gave back no echo to the heaviest tread. The walls were hung with rare and beautiful pictures. Looking at some of them on that crisp, bracing winter day you could have forgotten the keen air out of doors, the snow and frost, and thought yourself in the warmth and balm of summer time. Flowers bloomed in tropical beauty and luxuriance in the great bay-window, and the fragrance filled the room until with the warmth which pervaded the air, the place was really a bit of summer transplanted into the winter. A piano stood open, with music scattered over it. Costly little busts were here and there on brackets, and books lay on the tables, inviting one to open them, and forget every thing else in their pages. In the window, among the trailing ivies, a canary swung and sung. There was nothing lacking in comfort or elegance. But to Miss Leighton there was something lacking after all. It was lonely.

She stood there and thought of what the Christmas morning used to be. How very different from this! How anxiously she and her sister Alice had waited for the first streaks of dawn to spring from their beds and wish the "merry Christmas" wishes. They had been very happy in those days, she and Alice. Their father was with them then, and the little circle was a loving one. By and by that father whom they loved so well died, and the property was left to each sister; half to Rachel, half to Alice. Rachel was to have charge of Alice's until she married. On her marriage, provided that marriage was not with John Van Dyck, who was the only child of a life-long enemy of Mr. Leighton's, the property belonging to Alice was to be made over to her. John Van Dyck had loved Alice, and Mr. Leighton had kept them apart, and hence that clause in his will which gave Alice's share of the property he left to a hospital in case she married the son of the man he hated, and whom he had forbidden her to marry. But Alice was a true woman. Love to her was more than wealth. And so she

married John Van Dyck, and the property went to the hospital her father had named, and Rachel, with all the old Leighton pride, shook her off, and thenceforth their ways ran wide apart. Alice was happy with the man she loved and who loved her. Rachel was lonely with the wealth which could buy her splendor and nothing more.

She thought of it all this Christmas morning. She had not seen Alice for a long time. Once in a great while they met, but not often. Their lives were in different spheres. John Van Dyck had lost all the property he had inherited from his father, and took a position as clerk in a large firm in a part of the city Rachel seldom visited. When wealth was gone, and they had to begin at the foot of the ladder, their summer-time friends forsook them, and consequently John and Alice crossed Rachel Leighton's pathway but seldom, since they had been dropped from the circle in which wealth had given them a place.

Someway, this Christmas morning seemed more lonely to Rachel than any other one ever had. She knew that in other homes there would be glad and happy greetings. There would be pleasant reunions among friends and kindred. But she must keep her Christmas alone. Something like a tear trembled over her lashes as she turned away from the window, and ordered the carriage. She would ride. Perhaps that would help to drive off the lonesome, yearning feeling which tormented her.

She lay back listlessly and watched the passers-by from her carriage windows. How happy they seemed to be!

Suddenly a cry came to her, a bitter, sharp cry of pain, and the horses were reined up sharply and suddenly. She opened the door and looked out. A child had slipped in crossing the street, and the carriage had passed over her ankle. The girl sat on the ground, with her hands holding the injured limb tightly, as if to force back the pain that it gave her.

You are hurt. Poor thing!" said Miss Leighton, pityingly. "Help her into the carriage, Robert, and then drive wherever she wants to go. As well there as anywhere, and she can not walk."

The coachman assisted the girl into the carriage. She lay back among the luxurious cushions, half forgetting her pain in the pleasure which the prospective ride gave her.

"Where do you want to go?" asked Miss Leighton, kindly.

The girl named a street in the lower part of the town, and fixed her wondering blue eyes on Miss Leighton's face suddenly, in a long, steady, earnest look.

"Ain't you my aunt Rachel?" she asked, timidly.

Miss Leighton started at the unexpected query.

"What is your name, little one?" she asked, hastily.

"My name is Rachel," the child answered.

"Papa's name is John, and mamma's name is Alice. I've got an aunt Rachel, but I never saw her. Mamma's got her picture, though, and looks just like you. I started to find this morning. Mamma said she wished she could wish her 'Merry Christmas,' and I thought maybe I'd find her. I runned away. Are you her?" and the child's wide blue eyes looked questioningly into Miss Leighton's.

"Yes, I am your aunt Rachel," she answered, struggling with her pride. A strange battle was going on in her heart between that pride and a yearning for friendship and some one to love her. Could she let bygones be bygones? Could she forget that Alice had married against her father's wishes? After all, what right had her father to forbid Alice to marry the man she loved? Love was not to be sacrificed for a mere old-time grudge.

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried the child. "I wish you a merry Christmas, aunt Rachel!"

Miss Leighton caught the child and kissed her over and over, great tears blinding her eyes. Her heart had given way to its longing. On this Christmas morning she would put by the past, and begin a better, happier life.

The carriage stopped before a plain little house.

"You may wait," she said to the driver, and taking little Rachel in her arms, she ran up the steps and went in without knocking.

"Mamma! Papa!" cried the child, "I runned away to find aunt Rachel, and wish her merry Christmas, and I found her!"

Alice turned suddenly from the baby's crib, over which she had been bending. She saw Rachel standing on the threshold, and a cry broke from her lips.

"Oh, Alice!" the elder sister cried, "I want you to forgive me, and forget the past. I want you to love me. I am so lonely!"

"I wish you merry Christmas!" Alice said, so solemnly and earnestly that it was a prayer, and then Miss Leighton found herself sobbing on her sister's breast, and Alice was kissing her, and dropping happy tears upon her face.

"John," Rachel Leighton said, a little while after that, "I want to begin a new life from today. I want you and yours to come to me. My home is large enough for all of us. I want happy hearts to fill it, and drive out the weary loneliness that has been there so long. You must not tell me no."

An hour later John and Alice, and little Rachel and the baby followed Miss Leighton up the steps of her splendid home, and there were glad faces, and gladder hearts, among its splendor on that Christmas afternoon.

And Miss Leighton's heart was full of the grand melody of peace on earth and good-will to man.

Half a Yard of Alpaca.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

JOHN LANG laid an open letter on the desk before him; propped his elbows on it, and rested his head on his hands to read it.

A lengthy, friendly letter, written in Marcia St. Cymon's most genial, gossip style, and more than once Mr. Lang caught himself smiling at her ready wit.

"Speaking of Ellie," the letter said, "and having learned the day was decided on that will make you a happy man (I am sorry that I can not conscientiously say that Ellie will be so delighted a bride) remind me of your promise to your friend, Mr. Chauncey, to take him to Lakeland for a visit, provided we are not down to the city before you come. If we are, we will leave our address at the office, and you will call, with Mr. Chauncey, at our hotel."

Mr. Lang smiled at the genuine friendliness Marcia displayed; he thought what a charming cousin she would be—and what a good wife she would make Harry Chauncey, provided he met her expectations. He folded away the letter, and resumed his books until nearly twelve, and then went out to meet Harry Chauncey on the corner, just entering his restaurant for lunch.

A dashing, good-looking young man, with an immaculate shirt bosom and spotless cuffs, ornamented with large square buttons. A faultlessly fitting overcoat, a soft hat of becoming proportions.

He had a bright expression of face, a keen light in his eyes, and a general pleasant way with him that "took" wonderfully—especially

among the ladies, which accounted for the fact that he was the salesman in Merino & Satine's great dry goods house.

Just now he gave his hand confidentially to John Lang.

"Got a letter yet? any hope of my meeting the charming heiress? I tell you what, Lang, if ever a fellow was sick of counter-jumping, it's this one."

"You mean you'd rather marry Miss St. Cymon and her forty thousand, and live at the Grange, and drive your own barouche?"

"Have a darkey in livery to drive it for me," corrected Chauncey, gayly.

Lang laughed, and handed him Marcia's letter.

"There is nothing in it but you may read and welcome. Your chances are good, old fellow; and I can tell you there's not many a rich girl who would overlook the fact of your being only a dry-goods clerk."

Chauncey was reading the elegant little letter eagerly, his blue eyes shining with satisfied delight.

"You must have spoken a good word for me, Lang; and I assure you I shall do my utmost to be a credit to you."

"Marcia is favorably impressed, doubtless; you know my Ellie told her what a good-looking rogue you were. Half-past twelve! Jupiter Ammon, Harry. I've got to take French leave!"

Lang had casually looked at his watch, and then rushed off, hurriedly, Harry sauntering into the restaurant leisurely.

"I know it's late, but I'll have something to eat, for all that. Old Merino'll be sure to hail me when I go back now, and a half-hour isn't much more than ten minutes."

He called for his rare roast beef, his fried sweet potatoes, his glass of Burton ale, and a bird-nest pudding; ate them in graceful leisure, as if he had all day to spare to the task; picked his handsome teeth daintily, with his chair tilted backward, then called for his check, paid it, and sauntered out.

"Good-looking, eh?" he thought, as he adjusted his luxuriant Dunderberg whiskers by the glass in the little hat room of the store. "By George, I am good-looking," and Lang spoke the truth for once in his life. "There's not a discerning young lady enters our store but that comes straight to me to be waited upon. I've such a way, I suppose."

He walked into the store very carelessly, very indifferently, but somehow he looked up just as he passed Mr. Merino's desk, and met that gentleman's keen eyes fixed on his face.

"Late again, Mr. Chauncey—the third time this week. Another repetition results in—"

"Deducting the time from my large salary, I understand," he interpolated, sneeringly, and then took out his pencil and note-book, and, under his employer's eyes, ciphered diligently a moment.

"It amounts to just two and a half cents, Mr. Merino—this tardiness of mine."

He put away his paper and pencil, and went leisurely on to his place, meeting as he did so a young girl, who stood timidly looking about her.

"Have you any black alpaca to match this?" She extended a woe-worn, glared hand toward Chauncey, who leaned back against a pillar, in disdainful hauteur.

It was not his style of customer—a girl in a red blanket shawl and a green berege veil over her face. And absolutely woolen—yes, ill-fitting woolen gloves!

Indeed, not his style—and to match black alpaca, too! He always attended the silken attired beauties who came in their carriages, who wore ganzy veils, that did not conceal their pretty faces or hide him from their eyes, who wore four-buttoned kids, and who ran up a big bill to be sent in to "papa."

So Mr. Chauncey curled his lip, and took the trouble to look around for some one else to match the black alpaca. But no one was in sight or disengaged.

"What d'ye want?" he said, roughly, without uncrossing his legs, or moving a muscle toward waiting upon her.

"I wish to match this piece of goods; it is the Beaver brand."

"No it isn't, either. I can tell the Beaver alpaca as far as I can see it. We haven't any of that stuff you have."

"It came from here yesterday: I would be glad if you—"

"I've no time to be bothered with such troublesome business. I suppose if I were to undo a hundred pieces, you'd probably buy a yard to pay me for my trouble."

"I want a half-yard, sir, and if—"

"Then get it the best way you can. Oh, Miss Vesey, good-morning! You have come to look at our lovely new shades of crepe, I know. This way, please."

He had wheeled around from the girl with the sample of alpaca and bowed with all his grace to a young lady, loaded with costly apparel, who had just come in.

The girl in the scarlet shawl turned around and went quietly out, unnoticed among the throng; her cheeks flushed under her green veil, her eyes flashing angry fire as she walked up Broadway.

John Lang stepped into Merino & Satine's dry-goods store a few minutes before the hour of closing, and found Harry Chauncey disengaged, waiting till the porters should put up the shades.

"Prepare to be delighted, Chauncey; to-night you shall see her; to-night you shall go forth to conquer as sure as Fate. She's here at the Hoffman House; arrived this morning with her mother and Ellie, very unexpectedly."

Chauncey felt his heart leap.

"Have you seen her? What did she say about me—anything?"

Lang laughed at Harry's unfeigned eagerness.

"She's very anxious, indeed, to meet you. She made me promise over and over to bring you to-night."

"Mr. Chauncey, please step this way?"

It was Mr. Satine's voice, the senior partner, a bald-headed, eagle-eyed, sharp-spoken man—a man who said but little, but whose little meant a great deal.

Harry walked briskly up to the private office, a walled-off room, with plate glass and walnut doors.

The instant Harry entered Mr. Satine handed him a sealed envelope.

"Your wages until Saturday night, young man. We dispense with your services from this time. Any man guilty of rudeness to both employer and customer can not remain on these premises. Good-day."

And Harry, with a sudden collapsed feeling, was obliged to crawl out, feeling very blank, very undone, a little mad, considerably disgusted—until he thought of Marcia St. Cymon.

"I'll win her—or—"

"Hello, what's up—anything wrong?"

Lang asked it carelessly and Harry rejoined as carelessly:

"Nothing wrong. What time'll we go up to the Hoffman House?"

"At eight—not later."

And not far from the stroke of eight it was when Lang and Chauncey entered Mrs. St. Cymon's sitting-room, in her suite at the hotel. Lang introduced him to his betrothed and to

Marcia's mother, with delighted familiarity, and Harry felt he had made a good impression there at least.

"And where is Miss Marcia?" Lang asked, after a half-hour.

"A little late; you will pardon her, I know. She has been out this afternoon, and is dressing now."

A second later and, heralded by the rustle of silken robes, Miss St. Cymon came in—a tall, splendid-looking girl, with a cold, proud face, and a singular light in her bright dark eyes.

Harry's heart jumped to his throat. This was the girl he had dreamed of, thought of, for whom he was going to stake his all. Lang introduced them; Marcia bowed, smiled languidly, then went over to the piano for a tiny parcel with which she returned.

I succeeded in matching my alpaca, Mr. Chauncey," she said, unrolling a half-yard piece on the marble table, and then handing him it with her rarest smile.

"I think you'll agree with me it is the Beaver brand?"

Poor Chauncey! You might have knocked him down with a feather. He gave her such a wild, hunted look, and then blundered out something inarticulate.

"I bought it finally at Claffin's," she said, sweetly, "and the salesman was so gentlemanly, even if I did wear my old shawl and hat. I do so enjoy a musquade now and then—don't you, Mr. Chauncey?"

And he said "yes," under the indignant sparkle of her eyes, and then—remembered an engagement and took himself off—poorer than he had been in many a day. While Marcia told her little adventure—how she had suddenly conceived the idea of seeing him first, and how she never wanted to see him again.

Forecastle Yarns.
Among the Cannibals.

"If our first Dicky hadn't been so free with his hands the day he lammed me over the head with a marlin-spike, mates," said Joe Carey, "I wouldn't hev this yarn to tell. But he did hit me, and fer nothin' at all, and I jest made up my mind ter quit the fist chance I got. Ef a sailor don't get a chance, he'll make a chance, and it wain't many days afore I c'n mystick. I didn't go alone, acse Jim Ferguson, him we used to call 'Dinky' since he'd received a letter from the Dicky that made him sick of the barks, and he went with me."

"We was becalmed in sight of the Maories, one pleasant night, and by good luck one of the boats that was gitting sun-checked was towing astern and I took good keer to leave some paddles in her. We stole a bag of biskit, a lot of nails, two or three hatchets, and made up the best of our kit in bundles."

"The boys knowed what we was a-goin' to do, but who ever knowed a good shipmate to blab on the boys?" It turned dark when our watch was called, and the boys helped us get our dunnage on deck, and when the mate was fo'ward, I lowered 'em into the boat. Half an hour later we slid down the line, cast off at the bow, and drifted away. We didn't tech the paddles till we was a good ways from the old raft and then mebbe we didn't lay in our best licks. We was ten miles from the Islands and knowed we was goin' into a hornit's nest, but we hated that old coffin so bad that we didn't seem to care a cuss whether the Maories made mince-meat of us or not."

"Boys, it were a lucky thing that I took Jim Ferguson with me that cruise—the cussidest fellow you ever did see! That man could do any thing and smaller any thing under the sun. He could hold a lighted candle in his mouth and never flinch, and was the best s'ligh-of-hand man you ever struck. He'd larned me some of his tricks, too, and we kalkilated to 'stonish the natyves some'at, and I guess we did."

"The ship was in sight yet when we saw two Kaupapas—that's what they call war-canoes in the Maories—roundin' a p'int of land not far away. They seed' our boat on the shore and come at us head on, howling loud enough to wake the dead, and shaking their war-clubs in the air. You've seed' some Kanak-ers, mates, but you don't know what a real true-blue cannibal in all his glory is till you see 'em as we seed 'em, 'Bilin'-hot fur war."

"Now was the time fur Tim. He stood up on a rock and took a lot of pebbles in his hand and he swalled 'em, and while they was looking wild at him he took out a jack-knife, held it up so that they could see what it was, and swalleder that. They come ashore, but when they see that he wasn't afraid of them, they turned more friendly, and Jim went up and rubbed noses with the head man, a gray-headed old thief who looked mean enough for anything. I seed' that it were the best card, and I went fur another greasy old skunk, and nigh about rubbed his nose off. That's their sign of friendship, and we had 'em."

"Then Jim waved them back, and you order seen the cuss let himself loose and 'stonish them critters. He lighted four or five matches at once and held 'em in his mouth till they burned out. He lit a piece of lightwood and put that in his mouth. He swalleder a piece of the coal—or anyway they thought he did—and I wasn't fur behind him, acse I knowed a good many of his tricks. You never see a lot of fools so completely flabbergasted since you was born, and from that moment we was kings among 'em. Everybody wanted to rub noses with us, but we was on our dignity, and wouldn't 'low no liberties from any one unless he was a chief. Then they took our boat in tow and away we went, honored guests, and they took us to their village."

"Now Jim had been in a ship with a Maori man, two years afore, and had larned a little of their language, and the way he lied to them unuttered salvages was 'prisin' to think of. He told 'em we was a couple of white spirits sent to teach 'em how to fight, and that they must put our boat under taboo because we must leave them when we were called."

"We was married that, a-course, and we didn't marry into no common families, neither. The king's darters only was good enough for us, and you see afore you the son-in-law of King Rudov-Mammal, king of Kantapoo. Why don't you bow down in the dust, you son-of-a-gun? Can't you detect the majesty of this noble brow?"

"But we got tired of it arter awhile. They sickened us and we made up our minds to quit, because when the old king died they was going to tattoo Jim and make him king. We could see that the old chap couldn't last long, and so, one day, when a Kaupapa came in and said that a 'great white canoe' was taking in water about two miles below, we took the chance. Jim told them that a great misfortune hung over the tribe and that they must all go to the sacred mountain for three days, and not a man, woman or child must come near the village. We left a lot of presents for our wives, and got our boat and went for the ship. It was the Sea Mew, of New Bedford, and they wanted hands, and so we shipped. I don't know how they all took it when they found that we had gone, but I s'pose they thought we had been 'called,' and 'at waitin' for us to come back."